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One Halfpenny.

## THE WAR.

Japan Now Lord of Southern Korea, but Fails to Land at Port Arthur.

The chief news this morning is:—

A bridge on the Manchurian railway has been blown up, probably by Japanese agents.

The Japanese are fortifying Masampo, which they occupied on Sunday. They thus command the Korean Channel, which must be used on a voyage between Port Arthur and Vladivostok, the two Russian bases.

An unconfirmed report says that the Japanese have made unsuccessful attempts to land near Port Arthur.

The Russian gunboat Manjur is imprisoned at the mouth of the river.

King Edward yesterday proclaimed British neutrality.

The anti-British "Novoe Vremya" accuses us of allowing the Japanese the use of Wei-hai-Wei as a base for the torpedo attack on Port Arthur.

Russia's Port Arthur fleet has now been put out of action.

Russia has now only four effective battleships. Against these the Japanese have six battleships, four armoured cruisers, and four protected cruisers.

Russia's Vladivostok fleet is still there. The Japanese will be on the alert if an attempt is made to reach Port Arthur.

Today's news is less exciting than that of Tuesday and Wednesday.

Naturally the grand crash of events, the echo of which resounded through the world earlier in the week, could not continue long. The first act of the melodrama is over. The curtain is now down for the second act.

It is difficult for outsiders to tell exactly what is happening. Japan has taken the vigorous step of blockading Chemulpho, and advancing on Seoul, which is also the most valuable.

Large Russian forces are massed on the Yalu river; the Japanese force will probably soon be on the march northward to meet them.

Japan has now defeated all hopes of Russian supremacy at sea; there may soon be an opportunity of judging of her prowess on land.

There is busy with immense preparations to build a gigantic force to Japan. She has procured a quarter of a million soldiers in Siberia and great efforts are being made to transport reinforcements.

### LATEST CABLES.

Japan's New Moves—Reports of Unsuccessful Attempts at Port Arthur.

PORT ARTHUR, Wednesday Night.

The Japanese fleet attempted to land at several points in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur to-day.

The landing parties were protected by the guns of the Japanese fleet.

These attempts given out here to-night that the Japanese have proved unsuccessful.

There is no confirmation from any other source.

### TWO MORE CAPTURES.

It is officially announced at Tokio that the Japanese have captured the steamer Mukden.

The ship, belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, Limited, and also the Russian merchant vessel, belonging to the Russian Navigation Company.

The captures of the Argon, the Ekaterinoslav, and the whaler Alexander are also officially confirmed.

### THE JAPS IN KOREA.

Blockade Chemulpho and Occupy the Capital.

ROME, Thursday.

The commander of the Italian squadron in the East cables that the foreign Consuls have left Chemulpho. They embarked on a French vessel.

The Italian cruiser Elba is approaching Chemulpho.

## KEEPING VLADIVOSTOK HARBOUR OPEN.



Channels have been cut in the ice at Vladivostok and are being kept open by ice breakers. The Russian warships have been ordered to take in full supplies, so that they may sail a wide course, if necessary, to join the fleet at Port Arthur.



# TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Freshening westerly winds; fair and rather cold to unsettled and mild, with rain at times.

Lighting-up time, 6.7 p.m.

The sea in the English Channel will be rather rough to moderate, and in the North Sea and Irish Channel moderate.

Japan continues to hold her own in the war with Russia. A bridge on the Manchurian Railway has been blown up and the Japanese are fortifying Masampho. It is reported that attempts on the part of Japan to land troops at Port Arthur have failed. King Edward yesterday proclaimed British neutrality. (Pages 1 and 2.)

In the Commons the debate was resumed on the tariff question. Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir John Gorst, and Mr. A. Lyttelton being amongst those who took part. The first speech was made by the latter gentleman since he has become a Cabinet Minister. (Page 3.)

Mr. Chamberlain left London yesterday, travelling with Mrs. Chamberlain by the eleven o'clock train from Victoria for Dover. He had a most hearty send-off. Lord Wolseley, who is off to Cannes, went by the same train. (Page 3.)

Sir Charles Dilke, in an interview last evening with a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, termed as absurd the Russian suggestion that the Japanese had used Wei-hai-Wei as a base of operations for their attack on Port Arthur. (Page 3.)

Mr. Balfour continues to make good progress towards recovery, and will most likely be able to leave London to-morrow for a change of air. (Page 3.)

There was produced last night at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, a version of Victor Hugo's "Roy Blas," by John Davidson, sketches in connection with which are given, together with a criticism. (Pages 4 and 7.)

An Oswego, New York, telegram reports the destruction by fire of a big starch works, the estimated damage being £200,000. (Page 13.)

In the Divorce Court yesterday the hearing was continued of the case in which Yvonne Louise Marie Huquette, Marquis de Lisle, is seeking divorce from her husband. Some aristocratic witnesses were called. The proceedings were conducted in camera. (Page 6.)

The funeral of Lady Adeliza Manners took place at Belvoir Castle yesterday. The Duke of Rutland and the Duke of Norfolk were amongst those present. (Page 13.)

At the Motor Exhibition which opens to-day at the Crystal Palace over three hundred firms are exhibiting, and ninety per cent. of the cars are of British manufacture. (Page 4.)

The old-world village of Castleacre, in Norfolk, has a ghost, concerning which there are some remarkable stories abroad locally. (Page 8.)

In the High Court yesterday was heard a story of flat life at Brunswick-square, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. A. Fitzgerald brought an action against a Mrs. Evans, and the lady was rewarded with one farthing damages. Mr. Fitzgerald was not so successful and the jury added that neither part of the actions ought to have been brought. (Page 6.)

Albert Edwards, twenty-two, indicted at the Old Bailey yesterday for attempted murder on the North London Railway, gave evidence on his own behalf and said, in cross-examination, that he "must have had a nightmare in the carriage." (Page 6.)

At the Old Bailey the City office boy Schutz, charged with the attempted murder of a company secretary, was found guilty, but insane, and ordered to be detained at Brixton prison during his Majesty's pleasure. (Page 6.)

The remarkable growth of Belgian industries under a system of very moderate protection has been commented on by Sir B. Boothby in a report, and is of special interest at the present time, when tariff problems are under discussion. (Page 4.)

Stock markets were a little uncertain yesterday, though a better feeling prevailed towards the close of the day. Home Rails were quiet. (Page 14.)

Racing at Leicester was only moderately interesting. The chief race of the day was won by Pure Joy. (Page 14.)

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

Feb. 5.—Japan sends her Note breaking off negotiations.

Feb. 7.—News published in St. Petersburg and London.

Feb. 8.—Russia has the first shot, the Korietz firing on Japanese warships off Chemulpho.

At midnight the Japanese make a torpedo attack at Port Arthur, disabling three Russian warships.

Feb. 9.—Naval battle off Port Arthur; four Russian ships disabled.

Combat between Japanese squadron and Russian ships Variag and Korietz off Chemulpho; both Russian sunk.

Feb. 10.—Treaty for success to Russian arms.

Feb. 11.—Bridge on Manchurian Railway reported blown up.

Japan formally proclaims war.

## To-day's Arrangements.

Speaker's full-dress Dinner to Members of the Government.

Marchioness of Londonderry's Reception, London-derry House.

Mr. Lyttelton attends Dinner of Surveyors' Institution, Prince's Restaurant, 7, Pall Mall.

Complimentary Dinner to new Radical M.P.'s, National Liberal Club.

Mid-Herts (St. Albans Division) Election: Polling.

Automobile Show opens, Crystal Palace, 7.

Women's Tariff Reform League: Sir Gilbert Parker presides, and Mr. Chaplin speaks, at a meeting, Grosvenor House.

Racing: Sandown Park.

# TRUE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF CHEMULPHO.

Continued from page 1.

mulpho found her way barred, as the Japanese fleet had established a blockade.

The Italian Government has requested the Japanese Government to raise the blockade. Reuter.

PARIS, Thursday.

The following telegram has been received here from Seoul:—

"The Japanese troops landed at Chemulpho have marched here. A small number is occupying the town and maintaining order while the greater part of the force is encamped in the neighbourhood."—Reuter.

## RUSSIA'S REINFORCEMENTS.

Baltic Squadron of Fifteen to be Moved Eastward.

BERLIN, Thursday.

According to the "Lokalanzeiger" notification has been received of the proposed passage through the Kaiser Wilhelm (Kiel) Canal of a Russian Squadron of fifteen ships on their way to the East. Reuter.

Upon inquiring at the Japanese Legation, it was intimated that it was probable the Russian Baltic fleet would not be able to reach the theatre of operations for six weeks. In that time

aim that Russia began hostilities prior to the Japanese attack on Port Arthur on the night of the 8th.

The first shot was fired by the Russian gunboat Korietz at Chemulpho on the evening of the 8th inst.—Reuter.

## OUR WAR MAP.

Where to Place the Flags and Figures.

Since yesterday events have moved rapidly.

The Russian troops have taken up positions in Manchuria, with their right wing on the railway near Liao-yang, and their left on the Yalu River. The Russian main fleet is still at Port Arthur, which should be marked with a flag as a permanent base and with figures for both ships and troops. The second division is at Vladivostok.

One division of the Japanese fleet is in the bay to the east of Port Arthur. Another has established a blockade of Chemulpho, and two war vessels are off Shanghai, in wait for the Russian gun-boat Manjur, which is in harbour there.

A Japanese flag must be added to the Japanese soldiers already at Masampho, as Japan is establishing a permanent naval and military base there. Seoul, the capital of Korea, must be marked to-day as occupied by Japanese troops. By

# NEXT MONDAY'S DIVISION.

Important Meeting of Free Fooders Yesterday Discussed Their Policy.

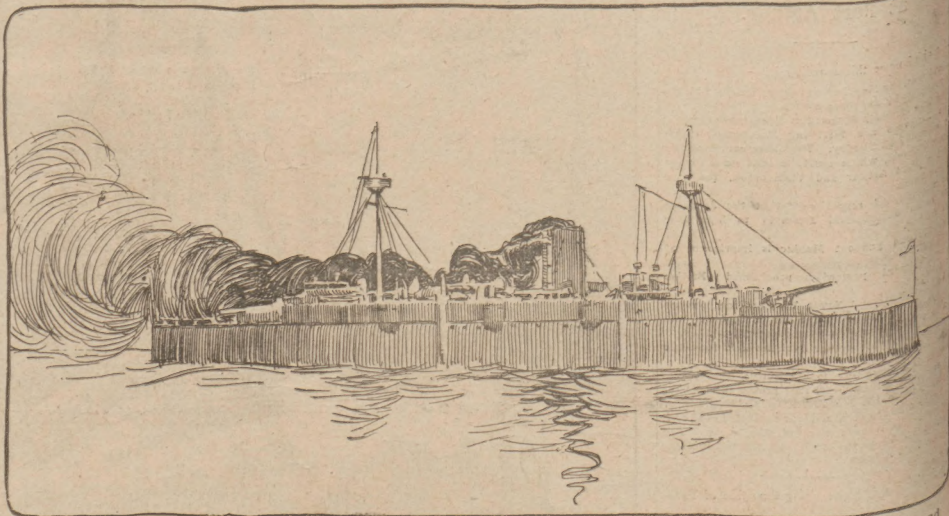
Yesterday, at the offices of the Barrow and Furness Steel and Iron Companies, the Duke of Devonshire presided over a numerous attendance of the Unionist free-food party. The Press was not admitted, but we are in a position to give the following details of what took place.

The Duke expressed his views on the situation, and indicated not obscurely his lack of confidence in the fiscal policy of the Government as debated during the current debate in the House of Commons.

Amongst subsequent speakers Mr. C. T. Ritchie expressed the belief that, by a policy of abstention from the division, emphasised by a united protest from the chamber when the division was called, adequate expression would be given to the views of the free trade party.

In this advice he was followed by many subsequent speakers. Messrs. Fisher, Tritton, and Thornton, however, declared their belief that it was present critical juncture of foreign affairs it was the duty of the party to support the Ministry. About a dozen free trade Unionists intimated that they were resolved on going into the Lobby against the Government, amongst them being the

## JAPANESE MASCOT WARSHIP—STARTED TWO WARS.



The Naniwa is a small vessel, but she is dear to the hearts of the Japanese. She fired the first shot in the China war, and now against the Russians she has repeated her exploit.

the situation might have materially altered, and the Japanese fleet, it was anticipated, would be quite ready to receive the Russian squadron.

Orders were officially issued yesterday for the formation of a third Siberian army corps. Admiral Alexieff receives the rights of Commander-in-Chief of all the land and sea forces in the Far East.

## WARNING AGAINST PANIC.

An official statement has been issued by the Ministry of Finance warning the public in view of the heavy fall in securities consequent on events in the Far East, against rashly selling such securities, as this would only benefit speculators.

The statement further exhorts the public to observe a calmer and more collected attitude with regard to events in the Far East, which, it says, may certainly create temporary difficulties, but cannot shake Russia's economic power.—Reuter.

## RAILWAY OVER THE ICE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.

A telegram of yesterday's date from Irkutsk says:—

"The railway over the ice of Lake Baikal has to be completed by the 28th inst. The contractors have been promised a bonus of £300 for each day if the work is finished before this time. The work began yesterday. It is feared, however, that the supply of sleepers will not be found sufficient."

## THE FIGHT OFF CHEMULPHO.

How the Variag's Captain Blew up His Ship.

TOKIO, Wednesday.

Detailed reports of the engagement off Chemulpho received here state that the captain of the Variag remained on board his ship and blew her up after the crew had escaped.

Part of the crew swam to a French ship in the harbour and others managed to reach the shore.

According to one report, a French warship notified the Russians of the Japanese approach.

TOKIO, Feb. 10.

Admiral Uriu has reported to the Navy Department the destruction at Chemulpho on Tuesday of the Russian warships Variag and Korietz. The latter exploded at half-past four. The crews surrendered.

The Japanese did not lose a man, and their ships were uninjured.—Reuter.

In the first official report the crews were said to have taken refuge on the French cruiser Pascal. They would number 600 or 700 men.

According to a Berlin dispatch Japanese officials

following the instructions given day by day, the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* map will show the progress of the war at a glance.

## JAPAN'S MASCOT WARSHIP.

The Naniwa is Japan's mascot warship. She has the unique distinction of having fired the first shot, on the Japanese side, in the opening chapters

Hon. Arthur Elliot, the Hon. Ivor Guest, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Richard Cavendish, Sir John Dickson-Poynder, Mr. Winston Churchill, Major Seely, and Mr. C. H. Seely.

Mr. T. W. Russell also announced his intention of opposing the Government.

We learn from another source that the Irish Nationalist party have not yet determined what their attitude in the division lobby will be.

It is obvious that every nerve will have to be

## JAPAN'S PLUCKY CRUISER.



The Hei Yen, which was captured by the Japanese from China in 1895. She took, in company with the Sai Yen, two large Russian steamers, the volunteer transport Ekaterinoslav and the Argon, a twin screw steamer belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railways Company.

of the two greatest naval wars in the history of the Far East.

It was the Naniwa, with her sister ship, the Takashima, which opened fire on the Russian gunboat Korietz and the cruiser Variag on the 9th inst. in the vicinity of Chemulpho.

She was equally to the fore in 1894, when Japan began war against China.

The Japanese in Pekin are distributing free of charge special editions of newspapers containing reports of Japanese successes.

strained by the Government Whips if Ministers are to be sustained by anything more than a large majority.

## THE "DAILY MAIL" MAP.

A map of the Far East, prepared under the auspices of the "Daily Mail," which is published by George Philip and Sons, Limited, at one shilling and half a crown, shows all the towns, rivers, and seas likely to be of interest in the conflict between Russia and Japan.



## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HARD-EARNED HOLIDAY.



The late Colonial Secretary left London yesterday for his well-merited holiday after his tariff tour. He is believed to be bound for the South and Egypt. His wife was smiling, glad no doubt that her husband is for a time to rest from making history. Our artist, from his recollection of Mr. Chamberlain's tour last year in the land of the Pharaohs, has drawn a few sketches of "Joe" as he will be when he is away and enjoying himself with no "appearances" to keep up.

## TARIFFS—CONTINUED.

## Sir John Gorst's Theory of the Dual Soul.

"Sir Gilbert Parker," said the Speaker, and the accomplished author of the "Seats of the Mighty" rose to his feet in the House of Commons. The immaculately-garbed litterateur, whose fluency and discerning works have made him the foremost politician. Interested in promoting the wide world over, is a many-sided and a tenacious and indefatigable pleasure in championing women's claims in Parliament. His name is indelibly linked with the legislative effort to secure marriage with a deceased wife's sister. But the member for Gravesend speaks with authority on other questions. A Canadian by birth and a Canadian loyalist by sentiment, he has made a study of the fiscal problem—its relations between the Mother-country and her Colonial daughters.

It was with the conviction that Sir Gilbert Parker spoke with something like the voice of authority that the House of Commons lent a willing and receptive ear to his speech yesterday, when Mr. John Morley's amendment to the Address in regard to the all-engrossing subject of debate. Sir Gilbert emphatically repudiated Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's assertion that Protectionist countries necessarily sold dear at home in order that they might sell cheap abroad. With a heavy tax on the cheap wool, America produced clothes at the wages of the American workmen were

Sir John Gorst, spectacled and slightly flushed, rose from the corner seat beneath the popular author. The elect of Cambridge opened amiably: "I find myself, like Sir Michael Hicks Beach, in entire accord with the official policy of the Government as disclosed in the recent official declarations in the House of Commons."

Then Sir John struck his most cynical and analytical vein. "But it appears to me that nearly every member of the Government carries two souls in his breast. There is the official soul which appears to be in favour of free trade, and there is his private and personal soul which appears to be protectionist."

The Liberals chuckled. Stimulated by Radical cheers, Sir John developed his proposition. "It was the private and personal soul of the Prime Minister" which prompted him to say in the middle of his speech at Sheffield that he was in favour of a reversal of the fiscal policy of the last fifty years; and it was the private and individual soul of the President of the Board of Trade which prompted him on Tuesday last to interrupt a Unionist member and say that he "wished it were possible to tax food."

"I did not say that," said the Prime Minister's brother, pale with indignation, and the Ministerialists yelled confirmation.

Sir John, swift as lightning, turned the retort to good account. "I think the right honourable gentleman did say so, but that was his personal opinion, and not his official opinion."

The Radicals shouted and laughed with delight. It was his private and personal soul, said Sir John, that drove Mr. Walter Long into the country to oppose those who were supporters of the policy of the Government.

Mr. Chaplin, who had been assiduously engaged in note-taking since the commencement of the sitting, next intervened, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain proceeded to the Peers' Gallery and discussed the situation with Lord James.

It was soon evident that the member for Stearnford was in the best Chaplinesque form. Eye-

glass fixed, and white pocket-handkerchief carefully drawn into greater prominence from its accustomed repository—two indispensable preliminaries to the ex-Minister's orations—Mr. Chaplin quickly got to close grips with the free traders.

The learned Mr. Bryce followed for the Opposition. Some members thought they had now discovered the Government policy, he said, but it turned out to be an infinitesimal one. It was like a grain of radium, but it did not resemble radium in being luminous. Unless a stronger attitude was adopted the Government would be driven into protection.

Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Chamberlain's successor at the Colonial Office, replied. He protested against the tendency now shown to shut the door upon the splendid ideal of closer union between the Mother-country and the colonies.

This was Mr. Lyttelton's first important speech since he became a Cabinet Minister, and it apparently pleased the Government supporters.

## WHITHER AWAY?

## Mr. Chamberlain Leaves Victoria for an Unknown Destination.

Mr. Chamberlain has departed into the inane. His well-earned holiday began yesterday morning, when, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, he caught the eleven o'clock train from Victoria, en route for Dover, Calais, and—the rest of his itinerary is shrouded in deep and impenetrable mystery.

At Victoria Station quite a large crowd had turned out to bid the ex-Colonial Secretary goodbye. It was desired to keep the departure as quiet as possible, and the station officials maintained a

positively diplomatic reticence, even going so far as to label the two special compartments which had been reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain with the cryptic legend "Richards."

"Richards" reached the station with about five minutes to spare, and was immediately the centre of a group of friends who had come down to see him off. These included Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Sir Frederick Young, Sir Thomas Sutherland, Mr. Parker Smith, M.P., and Archdeacon Wilberforce.

Lord Wolseley, who is off to Cannes, travelled by the same train.

For the next two months Mr. Chamberlain will open no letters other than those that reach him from members of his private circle.

Mr. Henry Harland will be pleased to learn that Mr. Chamberlain selected his latest novel, "My Friend Prospero," from amid the rows of new fiction displayed on the station bookstall.

The following bulletin was issued from 10, Downing-street yesterday:—"Mr. Balfour has passed another good night, and is now so far convalescent that he may be able to leave London on Saturday for ten days' change of air."

Mr. Akers-Douglas said that the Government will not be able to introduce a Betting Bill during the present session. A Street-betting Bill on the lines recently provided by several local authorities would, if introduced by any member, deserve the favourable consideration of Parliament.

Mr. J. Hirst Hollowell will be the Liberal candidate for South Birmingham. The Unionist party have not yet found a candidate.

Mr. W. Parrott, agent of the Yorkshire Miners' Association, was yesterday adopted as the miners' candidate in the by-election for the Normanton Division of Yorkshire. The selection has yet to be confirmed by the Liberals of the Division.



The comedy part of the play, little Mr. Kingston, admirable actor in any way as he is, and a capital elocutionist in bargain, is not a comic genius; and the rogueries of Don César de Bazan seemed times very like an effort.

But so far as concerned Mr. Waller and Mr. Fulton, who was, of the course, the Don of the occasion, one cannot well be too praising of yesterday's production. It was a success with great elocution and good acting, admirably supported by a poet with a keen ear for verbal harmonies, quick and warm emotions, and a fair sense, if not a very keen sense of humour.

S. R. L.



## WAR GLOSSARY.

## RUSSIAN COSSACKS PATROL THE YALU RIVER.

Cut Out and Keep this Dictionary of People, Places, and Facts—It Will be Found Useful as the Struggle Proceeds.

**ALEXANDER**, Admiral.—Viceroy of Russia in the Far East, and chiefly responsible for the war. Commander of Russian forces by land and sea.

**TAJIMA**, Count.—Prime Minister of Japan, and a general who won distinction during the Chinese war.

**OKUMA**, General.—Assistant Chief of the General Staff, and a great tactician.

**KURATSKIN**, General.—Veteran officer appointed to command the Russian land forces in the Far East. He has arrived at Harbin.

**YAMAGATA**, Count.—Chief of the General Staff of the Japanese Army. Experienced and able general who took Port Arthur, Talienwan, and Wei-hai-wei in the China-Japanese War.

**ROZDOLNOY**, Admiral.—Will command Russia's Far Eastern fleet, if any is left by the time he can reach Port Arthur from Europe. A man of indomitable courage, who has been Commander of the Black Sea fleet.

**MIKOTO**, Vice-Admiral.—The "Nelson of Japan," named on an English ship and at Greenwich College. Saw much service during the China-Japanese War.

**MAKASATA**, Marquis.—Japanese statesman and Field-Marshal, Commander-in-Chief in the war of 1904-5, and more than once premier.

**SEOUL**.—Port of Seoul, the Korean capital. Some miles long connects the town with Seoul.

**CHONGJU**.—Chief port of Southern Korea, 235 miles from Shimonoseki, but only forty from the Japanese islands of Tsushima.

**PORT ARTHUR**.—Important Manchurian town and railway junction going to Vladivostok and the other to Tientsin.

**YOKOHAMA**.—On the Southern Korean coast, 300 miles from Nagasaki. Russia has long desired to get a coaling station here.

**YOKOHAMA**.—Capital of Manchuria, and a great market. Population 250,000. Occupied by Russia in 1900.

**PORT ARTHUR**.—Russia's great naval base on the coast of Pechili. Taken by Japan from China, and given up at the mandate of the three Powers, Russia, France, and Germany. Taken by Admiral Alexeiev's headquarters. Chemulpho is distant 2,300 miles; Masampho 520 miles.

**YOKOHAMA**.—Capital of Korea. Population 200,000. Electric tramways on the American system.

**YOKOHAMA RAILWAY**.—Built in ten years at the cost of 450,000, the rails being laid at the rate of a mile a day. The maximum speed is fifteen miles an hour, and the line will probably be of little use for transport purposes.

**YOKOHAMA**.—The Japanese capital; population, 1,000,000. The city was called Yeddo up to 1868; its present name simply means "Eastern Capital."

**YOKOHAMA**.—Japanese islands, forty miles from Masampho, on the south-western coast of Korea. Taken by Japan from China, and given up at the mandate of the three Powers, Russia, France, and Germany. Taken by Admiral Alexeiev's headquarters. Chemulpho is distant 2,300 miles; Masampho 520 miles.

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Russia's army in the Far East is largely composed of Cossack cavalry. At the present time they are principally placed along the Yalu River, which divides Manchuria and Korea.

## ABSURD RUSSIAN CHARGE.

Sir Charles Dilke on the Accusation that Japs Used Wei-Hai-Wei.

"Absolutely incredible," declared Sir Charles Dilke emphatically to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative in the Lobby last night as he read the report from St. Petersburg affirming that Japanese torpedo boats had used Wei-hai-Wei as a base of operations for their attack on Port Arthur.

"It is obvious," continued Sir Charles, "that the Russians did not know where the Japanese boats were, or they would have prevented the attack. In reality, I expect they took shelter in some small bay or inlet, and it was the Russians' business to know of their whereabouts. In precisely the same way the French torpedo boats during their practice go into little bays and behind rocks around the Channel Islands. They find harbours in certain winds and weather behind rocks which would be almost covered at high water. But to assert that Japan used Wei-hai-Wei for this purpose is absurd and incredible."

"But," he added, with a smile, "in wartime countries are apt to say spiteful things. We say them ourselves. But in this instance, as I say, it was the business of the Russians to know the positions of the Japanese boats, and in any case Japan would never dream of attempting to make use of a British port for a base of operations."

"Moreover," concluded Sir Charles, "the methods employed have caused the Russian Navy

to become a byword throughout the world for some time past."

The allegations were made in the leading Russian journal, the "Novoe Vremya." It says:—"It is now shown that this harbour has been converted into a Japanese base of operations. Great Britain, by handing over Wei-hai-Wei to the Japanese, violated the fundamental principles of neutrality."

"Russia is entitled to demand compensation from Great Britain for the direct losses which she has suffered through the conversion of the British harbour into a Japanese base of operations. In the analogous case of the Alabama, Great Britain was found to be unquestionably guilty."

## RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

Japanese Liner's Exciting Voyage to London.

The Bingo Maru, the last ship which left Japan for London, arrived in the Thames on Tuesday evening.

A *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative who went on board yesterday found all hands jubilant at the successful finish to the voyage.

The chief officer, a typical Japanese sailor, was smiling with satisfaction all the time he told about the passage.

"We have had an anxious time," he said, "and have kept a sharp watch for the Russian war

vessels. Only once, however, did we meet with one."

"It was night and we saw her coming up ahead. We had taken the precaution to disguise our ship in various ways, and had covered her name with a tarpaulin. But we did not feel easy until we had left her far astern."

"Another time we had an alarm, but the vessel proved to be only a Russian troopship with soldiers for the front."

The Bingo Maru is a large twin-screw steamer of 6,243 tons, and is owned by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Co., of 2, Fenchurch-avenue.

She had not quite finished with her troubles even when she arrived in London, for on the night of her arrival a fire was discovered in No. 3 hold, which, however, after three hours' work, was extinguished by the crew.

The assistant-manager of the line says that neither the Bingo Maru nor any of their other ships will leave for Japan just yet, as the firm does not care to risk a probable capture.

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line have a fleet of eighty vessels, but most of them are engaged in the local Eastern service.

## ONCE COOLIE, NOW CHIEF.

Yi Yong Ik, the chief of the Korean Government, who controls the army and finances of the Hermit Kingdom, was formerly a coolie, and was raised to high rank by the late Empress of Korea.

He is strongly pro-Russian, and is therefore not likely to welcome the Japanese invaders.



A defendant at Lambeth County Court, who could not produce certain receipts, as he was in the custody of a friend at the War Office, was unable to attend owing to the war between Japan and Russia. "I can't take the Japanese war as an excuse," Judge Emden remarked, and made an order in favour of the plaintiff.



MR. LEWIS WALLER IN "LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY."

MR LEWIS WALLER  
AS  
RUY  
BLAS

THINKS  
IT BETTER  
TO HAVE LOVED  
AND LOST THAN  
NEVER TO HAVE  
'LOVED' AT ALL

MRS PATRICK  
CAMPBELL  
AS THE QUEEN  
EXPERIENCES  
CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE

MR THOMAS KINGSTON  
AS  
DON CESAR DE BAZAN  
MAKES A  
TOLLY SCAMP

MR CHAS FULTON  
AS  
DON SALLUSTE  
DE BAZAN  
'HUSH' HERE  
COMES THE  
BOGEY MAN"

W M.  
Hawden

Last night Mr. Lewis Waller produced at the Imperial Theatre a version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," by John Davidson. The play is entitled "A Queen's Romance," with Mr. Waller as Ruy Blas and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Dona Maria de Neubourg, Queen of Spain. (See also page 4.)

## AMUSEMENTS.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

**HYAMAKKET.** TO-NIGHT, at 9.  
The **ROSE** COME FOLLOWS by Henry Arthur Jones.  
Admission at 6 o'clock by The Ladies' Committee.  
His Majesty's **WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.20.**

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** MR. ARTHUR  
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.  
by David Thompson and John Arthur Long.  
**THE DARLING OF THE GODS.**  
His Majesty's **WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.**  
Admission 6 o'clock. Ladies' night, 40 to 10.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE, WESTMINSTER.**  
Ladies and gentlemen, please be seated.  
A PERSON OF NO ACCOUNT.  
Admission 6 o'clock. Ladies' night, 40 to 10.  
A Special **Rehearsal** of  
of which the **WEDNESDAY** **WALLER.**  
Admission 6 o'clock. Ladies' night, 40 to 10.  
Admission 6 o'clock. Ladies' night, 40 to 10.  
Admission 6 o'clock. Ladies' night, 40 to 10.

**ST. JAMES'S.** MR. DEARIE ALLENDALE  
Will appear at 8 o'clock at 6 o'clock, in  
His Majesty's **WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.**

## PERSONAL

**WANTED**, yearly volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch" from 1801 to 1826; also for 1863-70-71.—Send particulars to "M." "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

**TATTOOING**—Japanese, European designs; 15 years' experience.—Burchett, 98, 1, Star-gate-road (near station).

The Daily  
Illustrated Mirror.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

## Russia's Danger at Home.

In spite of the stories of the warlike enthusiasm of the populace which come from St. Petersburg, those who know Russia best are very much inclined to doubt whether the Tsar's subjects are as keen about the war as officials would like to have us believe. Of course, a war always kindles the popular imagination to some extent. Even the most sluggish natures are liable to become ardently patriotic when troops are leaving for service at the front and special editions appearing hourly with news of victory or the reverse.

But the war is not a "people's war" in Russia as it is in Japan. It is a war made by officials for a purpose which, although it is national in the sense of being necessitated by Russian policy, is not the outcome of a popular determination. The mass of Russians do not know why their country is at war. They have never been told about the policy of pressing towards the sea which has been followed for two hundred years by the officials who have directed the actions of each successive Tsar. They are puzzled—as many of them as have heard of his Universal Peace ideas—by the strange contrast between their present ruler's words and actions. All that is clear to them is that "the people above" have decided that Russian sailors and soldiers must fight against the "barbarians," and that many of the former are certain never to see Russia again.

That is the mental condition of the mass.

and if this were the end of the story Russia could fight on for ever assured that she need fear no trouble at home. But in the midst of the inert mass, which of itself would never move, there is a very dangerous element. This element, which may at any time begin to lighten the lump with surprising rapidity, consists of the educated revolutionary class, the men and women who are persuaded that no good can come out of the present system of government, and that a complete upheaval from below is necessary to restore Russia to health.

They take an utterly wrong view, no doubt. They forget that they themselves are in a very small minority; that the bulk of the population is centuries behind them, and still centuries removed from the state in which men can be trusted to govern themselves (if they ever can be). But in reckoning up the possibilities of the war this small minority cannot be left out of account. They are desperately in earnest. They have shown themselves willing over and over again to risk death or perpetual exile for the "cause of Russian freedom." They have announced their intention to take advantage of any opportunity to overthrow the existing régime. As soon as the news of repeated Russian defeats filters through the country they are certain to make an attempt to work upon the public feelings of depression and disappointment. And if this attempt should be at all successful the Tsar's advisers may find themselves face to face with a revolutionary movement at home as well as with an active and determined enemy abroad.

## BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

One of the latest additions to the Zoo is a "woolly monkey." It is not stated whether it is to be found in the monkey house or the goliwog department.

H.M.S. *Hermes*, which has been undergoing trials, has arrived at Sheerness with her starboard engine disabled. Another illustration of the horrors of peace.

The eccentricities of the tape are well known. Yesterday one of the news agencies described

a Tweedmouth lady as "Miss Blank, of Twee-mouth." This is sure to shock "Rita" dreadfully.

Mr. Carnegie is not, after all, going to spend half a million sterling on a temple in memory of Burns. If he spent that sum on a memorial to anyone it would be erected to a much more distinguished Scot than Robert Burns.

The "Daily News" heads a stirring appeal to its followers in the St. Albans Division with the words, "All Hands to Mid-Herts." The Liberals of the division are evidently expected to make their best bow to their candidate, who has already made his bow to the constituency.

The judgment awarding damages under the Employers' Liability Act to a pit-boy who mistook a cat for a ghost and suffered a fright which wrecked his constitution is occasioning much comment. Lawyers are anxious to know what the decision would have been if the "ghost" had been a real one.

According to a weekly journal certain eminent New York bankers and brokers, finding that some of the waiters at the restaurants were speculators in disguise, have taken to cooking their own meals at the office.

The broker dons an apron white,  
And sticks his cap a-top,  
It is to him a new delight  
To cook his daily chop.  
For waiters, so 'tis said, he fears  
Are punters in disguise;  
He almost sees them twitch their ears  
And strain their bulging eyes.

The salt and pepper see him take,  
The fragrant onion, too,  
And flour and butter eke to make  
A savoury ragout.  
Quoth he, "to cook a piece of meat  
Is easy, more or less,  
To one who cooks each balance-  
And shows a big success!"

The latest suggested sensation is a motor-car that will turn a somersault in the air and, alighting on its wheels, continue its course as if nothing had happened. Motors have often performed the somersault, but have hitherto shown a marked inclination to alight bottom upwards. The new car, if it can only be invented, ought to be popular with those who want to race before they have learned to steer.

[illegible]



## PICTURES OF PEOPLE AND SCENES IN CURRENT NEWS.



Bramber village in West Sussex is under water, owing to the floods from the river Adur. But the villagers, making the best of it, had a tub race along the road, where the water was just deep enough for some good fun.



Through the village street of Bramber the water runs. In the distance on the hill is the castle which, in Norman times, commanded the passage of the Adur and probably grew to great importance under William de Brose. Only part of a massive tower remains.

## BEAUTIFUL CHEMULPHO.

## Eastern Calm Disturbed by the Sound and Fury of War.

Chemulpho, which the achievements of the Japanese fleet has rendered a place of interest to all the world, is the ancient port of Seoul, the capital of Korea.

It is as old as the hills, and was probably a place of some importance when the ground London stands on was forest and marsh.

Now it has a population of some ten thousand, mostly Koreans, but including a considerable proportion of Japanese and European traders.

The town is perched on the side of a bare hill that rears itself steeply above the water. The main street runs along the shore. Most of the buildings are made of mud which dries to a dark brown colour, but there are a number of more solidly-built residences occupied by Europeans, among which is the British Consulate, standing upon an eminence with a commanding view of the beautiful bay.

Those who have seen it say this inlet of the sea, upon the edge of which Chemulpho stands, surpasses in natural beauty the Bay of Naples. A sandy bar forms a protected harbour of calm water; but ships of large draught have to anchor about a mile out from the beach. Passengers and freight are landed in small boats, of which Chemulpho possesses quite a fleet. There are no vehicles in Chemulpho, and it is in its Oriental restfulness a typical Chinese town. A gentleman who knows it well says the quiet that prevails there was the thing that impressed him most; like an English health resort out of season. The roar of heavy artillery and the landing of thousands of troops must have sadly disturbed the equanimity of its old-world inhabitants. A recent photograph of the landing-place will be found on page 9 of this issue.

## THE YAK AT HOME.

The Tibetan nuns, of whom a photograph appeared in our issue of yesterday, looked exceedingly unkempt and dirty. This is no wonder, for



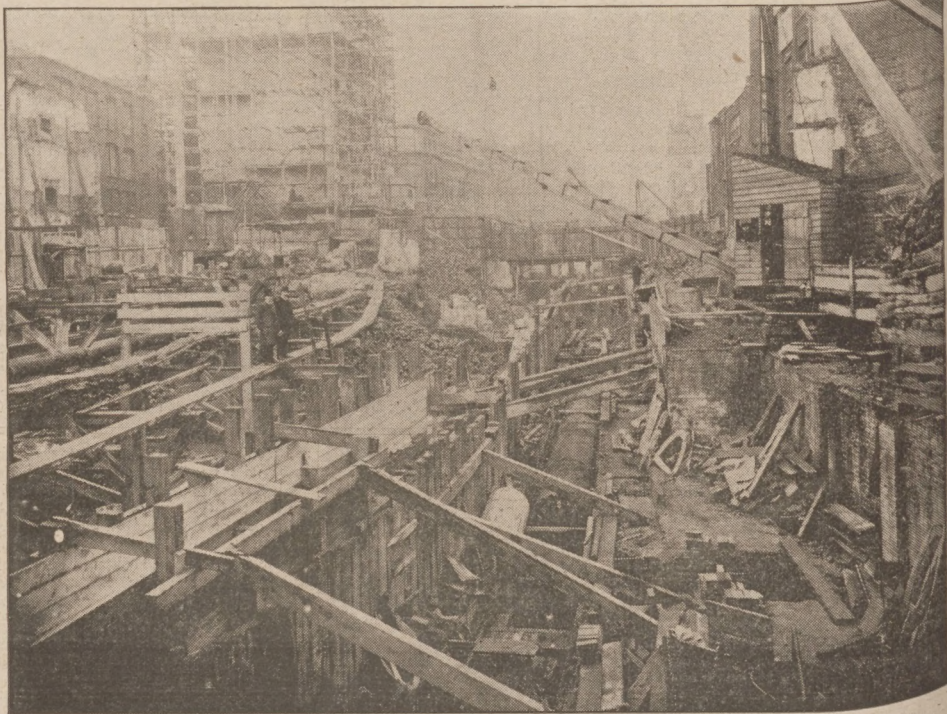
MR. BAMFORD SLACK.

He has been nominated as Liberal candidate for Mid-Herts in the forthcoming election.

(Photo by Russell.)

Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop tells in her book, "Among the Tibetans," of which the Religious Tract Society has just issued a shilling reprint, that they wash only once a year, and seldom change their clothes until they begin to drop off! It is no wonder either that the British troops in Tibet have found the yak, or Tibetan ox, awkward for transport use. "The yak," says Mrs. Bishop, "has an uncertain temper, and is not favourably disposed towards his rider." Indeed, my experience was that just as one was about to mount him he usually made a lunge at one with his horns. Some of my yak steeds shied, plunged,

## ONE DAY THIS CHAOS WILL BE A FINE STREET.



Kingsway, the new street which is to lead from the Strand to Holborn, is in the course of construction. It will be one of the finest roadways in the world, but is now, as is made clear in the picture, merely a mass of ruins of buildings pulled down, buildings in progress, and drain pipes.

kicked, executed fantastic movements on the ledges of precipices, knocked down their leaders, belloved defiance, and rushed madly down moun-



MRS. BAMFORD SLACK.

She is an enthusiastic political worker, and is helping her husband in Mid-Herts.

(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

tain sides, leaping from boulder to boulder, till they landed me among their fellows. The rush of a herd of bellowing yaks at a wild gallop, waving their huge tails, is a grand sight."

## NORFOLK GHOST.

## Mysterious Vanishing Lady in an Old World Village.

The picturesque old-world village of Castleacre in Norfolk hitherto has relied on the attractions provided by the remains of an ancient priory and the ruins of the castle, once the seat of the Earls of Warren, for any claims. But now our Norwich correspondent telegraphs: Castleacre has a ghost, and anticipates a visit from the Psychological Research Society. The hair-raising story which is thrilling Castleacre is that the other day a young villager, who had been detained late at business, returned home about midnight. Upon entering the house he locked the outer door as usual and walked into the sitting-room.

This apartment was unlighted except for the half-light from the windows. Directly he entered he became aware of the presence of a female figure at the other end of the room. Suddenly the figure passed swiftly across the room to the accompaniment of a strange "whizzing" sound.

The young man immediately struck a light, but only to find that the figure had vanished! The rest is mystery.

## POTENT SPIRIT INDEED.

After drinking some brandy (writes our Vienna correspondent) over one hundred persons, near Lugos, Hungary, showed poisoning symptoms. It appeared that the brandy contained lead with which the distiller had coated the inner-side of the cauldron in order to give greater potency to the liquor. Thirteen have already died.

On Tuesday we publishing a drawing of Miss Wynne, the young English girl who successfully made the dangerous ascent of the Wetterhorn. Our

drawing was from a photograph by Mr. Ormiston Smith, of Grindelwald, whose photographs of Alpine scenery are so deservedly well known.



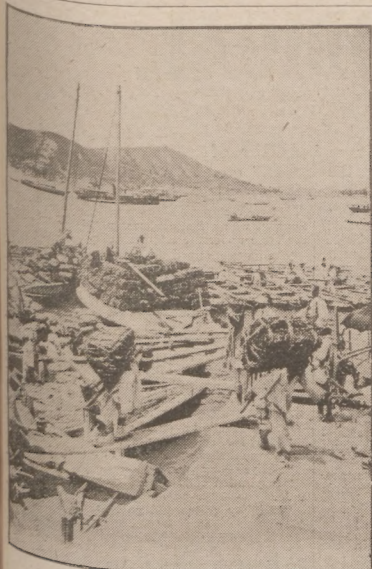
LADY EVELYN GUINNESS.

Lady Iveagh's daughter-in-law was presented at the first Drawing Room of the Dublin Season on Wednesday night. She looked, in her white dress, very pretty and charming.

(Photo by Lane & Co.)



# SEOUL, THE KOREAN CAPITAL, OCCUPIED BY THE JAPS.



An interesting scene on the landing stage at Chemulpho. Off this port the Japanese fleet won a signal victory on Tuesday, and they are now blockading it.  
*(Stereograph copyright)*

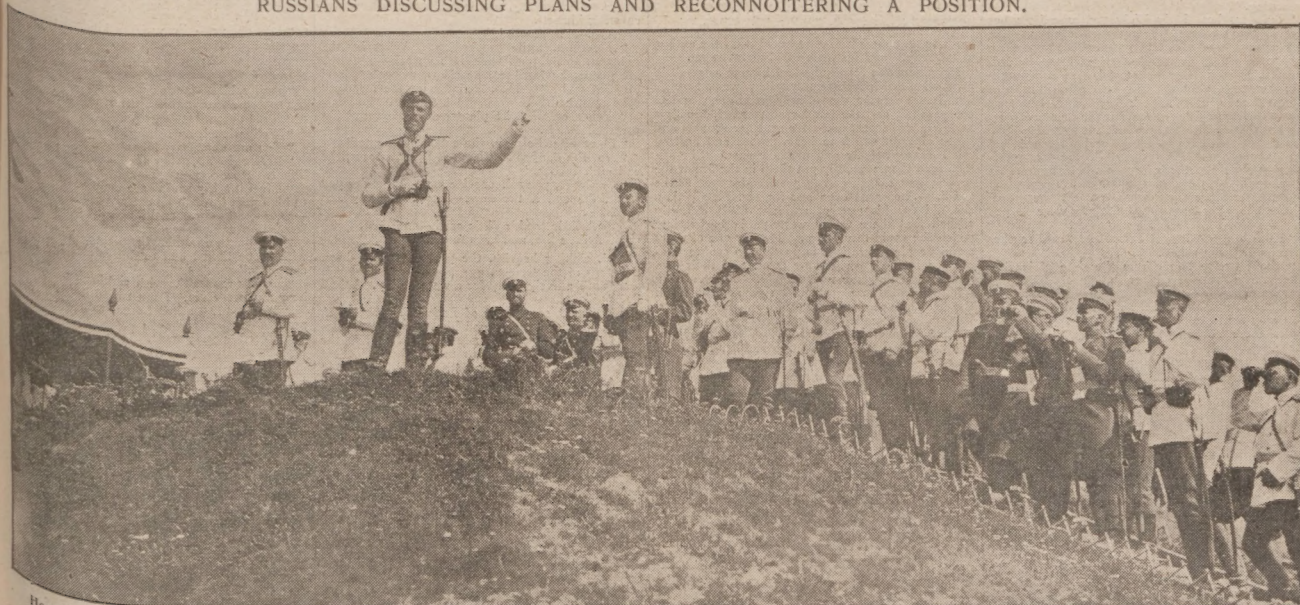


The Koreans have announced their intention of remaining neutral, but they keep up their drill. The Emperor's favourite squad may be seen in this photograph drilling in front of the Imperial Palace at Seoul.



The west gate of Seoul, the city which has been seized by the Japs and the capital of queer Korea. The strange object on the head of the man in front is the Korean national hat.  
*(Underwood & Underwood.)*

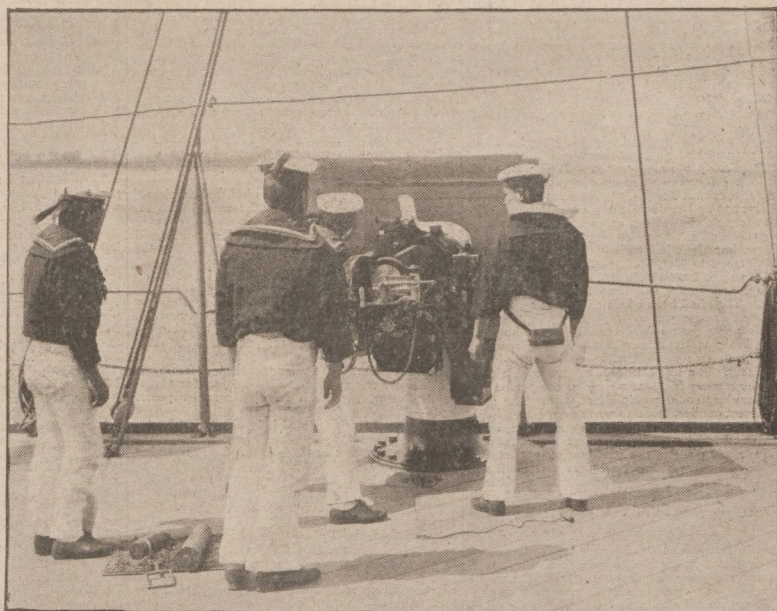
## RUSSIANS DISCUSSING PLANS AND RECONNOITERING A POSITION.



Here is a Russian general on a hill with his staff reconnoitering a Japanese position and explaining the situation. Hostilities between the opposing land forces along the line of the Yalu River may be expected at any moment.  
*(Bulla.)*



General Prince Min-Jun-Huan, Commander-in-Chief of the Korean Army in Seoul.  
*(Underwood & Underwood.)*



Firing a 2 1/2-pounder on board the Japanese armoured cruiser Asama, a vessel of 10,000 tons, built at Elswick.  
*(Photo by)*  
*(c) I. W. Palmer.*



## OUR NEW FEUILLETON

## THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL.

A STORY OF THE "NEVER-NEVER LAND."

By WILSON BARRETT, Actor-Manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," etc.

## CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued).

"Now, come along, you two," she said, patting the dog and rubbing up the fur round the cat's neck until it stood out like an exaggerated Elizabethan ruff. "Come on—a race to the end of the terrace and back—two—three—go!" And off she scampered, the dog on the one side, the cat on the other.

"Now, off again; whoever is in first gets the sugar." And back she tore to the starting-point, all breathless, to sit down upon the steps of the porch, laughing and tumbling her two friends away from her to avoid their too effusive embraces.

"I was in first—I get the sugar," she laughed, munching up a piece between her strong, white teeth. Then, laughing, she stuffed a piece of sugar into the mouth of each.

A sedate, portly, elderly man appeared in the porch, and said, in grave tones most befitting the delivery of a message of the King to his Parliament from a butler addressing his young mistress:

"The morning papers, Miss Sybil." Sybil started up lightly, and stretched out her hand for the journals, saying:

"Oh, thank you, give them to me, Spurdy."

Swiftly unfolding the paper and scanning the pages rapidly, she found the shipping intelligence. Giving a little exclamation of joy, she ran into the house, followed by the dog and cat, calling:

"Mother, mother, he's at Queenstown. The Majestic arrived off Queenstown at ten p.m. yesterday."

Sybil's mother, Lady Walgrove, rose from her seat as Sybil entered the room. Lady Walgrove was a woman of about fifty-five. She must have been exceedingly beautiful when younger—indeed, she was so still. Her figure was slim and youthful; her face, although thin and grief-worn, was still the fairest of faces; her eyes, however, her eyes still retained their fire; but the face was pale, the lips thin and drawn, the hair snowy white. She was dressed entirely in black, and wore over her head a black mantilla of lace. There was something strangely pathetic in the whole figure. As Sybil read the news of the Majestic's arrival at Queenstown, her lips were parted, her eyes strained, and her long, delicate fingers were clasped and unclasped in feverish excitement.

"How long will it take before the vessel reaches Liverpool?" she asked.

"About twelve hours from the time of leaving Queenstown," answered her daughter. "But she may be delayed, of course. All depends upon the amount of her mails and the number of passengers who may land there."

"Is there no telegram?" asked Lady Walgrove.

"Not yet, mother dear; but they explained that the lug was waiting for such a message off the Majestic, and it might be hours before it was dispatched."

Sybil's arms were around her mother. She gently placed the latter back in her seat and kissed her lovingly. The dog lumbered down, and, stretching his great head upon his paws watched them both with the most tender solicitude and sympathy. How much do intelligent dogs know of the human language? Surely the best of them not only understand, but sympathise with all the sorrows and troubles of those they love.

"Then he will be here to-morrow night?" the mother asked.

"Yes, dear, or Friday morning, early. He may not be able to get a train in time to arrive here until very late, and he would not like to do that. However, we shall see by his telegram, when it comes."

The mother's eyes were gazing out of the window in the direction of the lodge gates, as though she were expecting her son even now.

"How hot your hands are, mother dear," said Sybil. "And your dear head, too. Come out on the terrace until breakfast is ready."

"No, dear child; let me stop here. Where's Lorna?"

"Here I am," said a clear, musical voice. "Have I kept you waiting?" And Lorna Mannerly, a beautiful girl of nineteen, entered the room.

"No, Lorna. Here's news—the Majestic is in," said Sybil.

"Oh, isn't that good, Lady Walgrove! Then your son will be here to-morrow?"

"Or Friday morning, early. It doesn't seem possible. But we've had no telegram yet."

After breakfast Lady Walgrove went to her son's bedroom to add some finishing extra touches to it, and the girls strolled out on the terrace to chat over the brother's homecoming.

Meantime Jack had travelled to Dublin, crossed the Channel to Holyhead, and was now speeding on his way to Llandale Abbey.

Sybil and Lorna had been friends from childhood. They had been educated and had grown up together. Lorna was an orphan and a ward of the late Sir James Walgrove. When he died Lady Walgrove took the girl into her home, where she was treated in every way as one of her daughters. She was a bright, clever, lovable girl, and the mother felt that no better companion for her daughter could possibly be found. The girls were great cronies, had no secrets from each other; were both of strong, healthy bodies and pure, innocent minds. Though, as was but natural, Sybil held the first place in the affections of the Llandale people, Lorna was but little less esteemed and loved.

"Will it not be delightful to have Jack—I can't help calling him Jack, you know—here?" said Lorna.

"And you will love him," said Sybil. "You must. And he is sure to love you. Then, we can all live together, and be happier than ever. Is it not a blessing he has never married? He might have brought home some awful person, whom we could not possibly love, and with whom we could not possibly live. Ugh—that would have been dreadful!" Here Sybil shuddered.

The day wore on, and still no telegram came. It

was pitiable to see the anxiety upon the mother's face as she watched the path that led to the lodge, waiting for the few words flashed by the wires from her son.

In the afternoon two visitors called. One was Lord Thorland, a man of forty-five, of very distinguished appearance. He was tall, well built, had dark brown hair and beard, aquiline nose, high forehead, and a firm mouth and chin. He looked what he was, an English nobleman of the better school, not one of those rowdy, dissolute, brains beings who have nothing in common with nobility except the name they bear. He had known Sybil from her childhood, and had loved her since her girlhood. He was very wealthy; his estates joined those of the Landales, and he was in every way an eligible match for Sybil. Lady Walgrove clearly desired the marriage, and although Lord Thorland had never actually proposed for Sybil, her mother knew it was but a question in his mind as to whether as yet she was old enough to know her own heart. He knew he loved her. He wanted to be perfectly sure Sybil loved him.

The other visitor was of a very different type. He was a distant relative of Sir James Walgrove's—a Mr. Caerwahn Moody—a small, weedy man of eight and twenty. He had published a small book of poems—at his own expense—called "Decay," which a very small cult pronounced "majestically mystic"—whatever that might mean. Nowadays, to be admired, poetry must be, like Dogberry, too cunning to be understood. "How supremely un-intelligible!" "How divinely unfathomable!"—these are the highest forms of praise possible; at least, so thought Mr. Caerwahn Moody, the author of "Decay," and his little band of followers.

Mr. Caerwahn Moody had an income as small in proportion as his brain and poetic powers. Lorna's inheritance was an exceedingly good one; and to compass this and the fair Lorna was Mr. Moody's ambition and intention. He sent her sonnets and songs of love, which to her vigorous and healthy mind seemed sickly and unwholesome. She seldom read them; usually put them in the fire or the waste-paper basket, and forgot them as soon as she could. She cared even less for Mr. Moody than she did for his poetry, and she often devoutly wished that there was a waste-paper basket into which she could thrust him. He was one of those awful people whom it is impossible to snub. Enveloped in the impenetrable armour of their own self-conceit, they are unassailable. Lorna's open dislike he attributed to maiden coyness. When she felt that she would dearly love to box his ears, he fondly persuaded himself that she was dying to throw herself into his arms. The Moody's of this world are difficult people to handle, even with tongue.

Mr. Caerwahn Moody never seemed quite clean. He had that haunted look that makes one feel creepy when they see it, and long to kick the object that possesses it. His hand was flabby and wet. One always wanted to wash after coming in contact with it.

Lady Walgrove felt in duty bound to receive him, for her late husband's sake. She did not recognise the true character of the man.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A Fateful Question.

The afternoon was pleasantly warm. Lady Walgrove had ordered tea to be served on the terrace, and Mr. Caerwahn Moody was arranging the table under a rich crimson silk tent-umbrella, near to which Bruds, the gardener, was planting some pansies and primroses.

Mr. Bruds had been in the service of the Landales for three generations. He was nearly eighty years of age, but had all the strength and energy of fifty. He was a little, rosy, apple-faced man, who had a perpetual smile of contentment upon his dear old face, and a twinkle of mirth in his blue eyes. His scant hair was white, his face clean-shaven. He was a little bent with age and rheumatism, and his voice had turned again to a chirp, but he was still half as hale and hearty.

"I am much concerned, Mr. Bruds," said Spurdy, "to know what our new principal, Mr. John Landale, will be like."

"Aye, aye; so is most of us, I reckon," answered Bruds, prodding at the mould with his trowel.

"And, of course, I wonder what difference he will make to us," continued Spurdy, emphasising the pronoun.

"Aye; likely he'll shake the whole lot on us up a bit," chuckled Bruds.

"Shake us up? Not me, Mr. Bruds. I'm past the shaking-up age," indignantly retorted Spurdy. "That's what a butcher said to the bull, but the bull b'listed him over the fence, for all that," drily replied Bruds.

"Your comparisons are inappropriate, Mr. Bruds. I'm neither a butcher nor a fit subject for 'histing.' I've managed this family for twelve years, and—"

"Aye, and I've gardened it for fifty; but I may be 'histed,' for all that. When's he due?"

"In the next two or three days. You remember him as a boy?"

"Aye; I knew him in the seed, so to speak," said Bruds, panging the mould round a root.

"What was he like?" asked Spurdy, a little anxiously.

"Well," replied Bruds, pausing in his work and sitting on his heels, "in the first stage, as much like a prize tomat as anything—as most babies is, 'cept to their mamma's. Second stage, a farked red and white radish, w' a dark-brown broccoli top. Next—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Bruds, his external appearance at that early period does not interest me."

"What was you wantin' to know, then?"

"I mean, his mental attributes, his tempera-

"Temperament; well, it was quiet enough if you treated him fair, but if you put upon him, a red pepper-pod were cool to him; and when he said he'd do a thing, he'd do it, in spite of man and Pezichon. He fowt old Sir James himself once, swore he'd never come back while Sir James lived, and 'looked it to foreign parts.'"

"Australia is not a foreign part," said Spurdy didactically. "It is an integral and important part of the British Empire."

"Well, it's furtin enough for me. I don't hold w' such places as 'Newthin' but a lot o' blacks and bummerangs, kangaroos, and 'cannibals. I read all about it in Captain Cook when I wur a young un, so don't you try to teach me, Mr. Spurdy. 'Sides, I 'ad a uncle who went out there once and never come back. 'Ow do I know they didn't eat him?'"

Mr. Caerwahn Moody came along the terrace. He was dressed in black, and wore a Byronic collar and a red tie.

"Is Lady Walgrove in the house, Spurdy?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Moody; she's somewhere in the grounds."

"Where are the other ladies? I believe, sir."

"Tennis; so unpoetically energetic—so crudely vigorous. Is Miss Mannerly playing, too?"

"I believe so, sir."

"I'll wend my way thitherwards," he sighed; and, turning suddenly, he nearly stumbled over Bruds.

"Planting, gardener?" he asked, recognising him.

"Aye, sir; plantin'."

"A foolish, futile proceeding. What is the gardener but a fool, what is his work but folly? He plants, he fertilises, he rakes, he waters, and to what end?" He asked this of the air, with eyes upturned.

"Pels on what he plants, sir," answered the practical Bruds.

"Plant what he may, the end is the same."

"No, I'm danged if it be; if I plants roses, the end ain't ingons."

"Gardener, you misconceive me. Whatever you plant, the end is the same—decay. Decay and death."

"A little seed, a little earth—and then, a little life, and back to earth again."

And, sighing heavily, the poet wandered down the steps of the terrace.

"That's a lively party for a wet Sunday. Who's he?"

A distant connection of Lady Walgrove's. A mind poet, the papers call him.

"Thought he was a undertaker. If that's the sort o' stuff he gets with his minin' and poetin', 'e'd better take off his funeral clothes and dig a bit in my garden. Tell 'e what, Mr. Spurdy, some o' these nowadays youngsters ain't got no more life in 'em than a year-old plucked peony. Bless if they don't seem to be born dead. Is you the chap they say is sneakin' after Miss Mannerly?"

"He is paying his court to that lady," said Spurdy, with dignity.

"He'll pay a lot afore he gets her, I reckon. A healthy plant like she ain't to be gobbled up by a cankerworm like 'e. Ah, here's Miss Sybil, bless her."

"Ah, Spurdy, tea ready?"

"When you are, miss."

"I think you might bring it now."

"How many, miss?"

"Let me see. Mamma, Miss Mannerly, Lord Thorland—four that is!"

"Oh," pouted Sybil, "where's he?"

"Gone to find Miss Mannerly, miss."

"Oh, poor Lorna," laughed Sybil. "Bring a cup for him, too."

"Yes, miss." And Spurdy went along the terrace to the servants' door.

Lorna just came up, and asked, "Any telegram yet, Sybil?"

"No. But, oh, how I wish it would come. Will he come to-morrow, I wonder, or the next day? Now, Lorna, remember, if you don't fall in love with him, and make him fall in love with you, I'll never forgive you."

"I'll fall in love with him will be easy enough; but to make him fall in love with me is another matter."

"But it must be. I have quite decided. You are to be Jack's wife. I won't let any other woman touch him."

"I expect Master Jack will choose for himself, Sybil. Where's my flower, Bruds? Am I to be left all forlorn?"

"Lor' bless 'ee, no, Miss Mannerly; how'll this do?" asked Bruds, giving her a sprig of lilac.

"Lovely—now, you old pincushion, where's that pin for? And she turned him round, taking a pin from his vest. "Now, how's that? And she put the flower in her dress and swished herself round for inspection."

"Two as pretty flowers as there's in my garden, Miss Mannerly."

Lady Walgrove strolled up, and asked, "No telegram yet, Sybil?"

"Not yet, dear."

The two girls began to talk animatedly, trying to divert the mother's thoughts.

"Where's Lord Thorland?" asked Lady Walgrove.

"We left him talking to Bradford," replied Sybil.

"Lord Thorland is a very fine and good man, Sybil."

"Indeed he is," said Sybil, enthusiastically. "Jack will like him, I am sure."

"And Thorland is very rich, and very fond of my little girl; and—"

"Hush," whispered Sybil, putting her hand over her mother's mouth. "Hush, mammy, hush—

her's here."

Lord Thorland crossed the garden, went to Lady Walgrove, and greeted the ladies.

Lady Walgrove gave him her hand affectionately,

Spurdy, with a footman, was preparing the tea at the table under the tent-umbrella.

The party grouped themselves around the table, the two girls helping to serve the tea. Lord Thorland was watching Sybil tenderly.

"Have you heard from your son yet, Lady Walgrove?" he asked.

"Not yet. I am getting anxious."

"Don't, dear friend. Telegrams are often delayed when sent from steamers."

Lorna had tried to avoid Moody, who had shortly before joined the party, in vain. He had followed and cornered her. Sighing heavily, he

simpored:

"Miss Mannerly, oh, that we were alone."

"My soul shrivels always in a crowd."

"Shrivels—dear me."

"Inspiration fails me in crowds. I love solitude."

"Drink your tea and go into the jungle, Mr. Moody."

"The jungle, Miss Mannerly."

"Yes. Bruds will show you the way. It's at the end of the plantation. We call it the jungle. That's solitary enough. Nobody ever goes there, except Sybil and myself—and the cats. Wild cats, too."

"Wild cats, Miss Mannerly. I cannot commune with wild cats. Wild cats would not understand me. I cannot pour out my soul to wild cats."

"You didn't say you wanted to 'pour out your soul.' You said you wanted to be alone."

"Oh, oh, yes—alone with a kindred spirit, with an affinity, Miss Mannerly."

"Ah, indeed; well, why not go and get an affinity?"

"Really, Miss Mannerly, you speak of affinities as if they were marketable articles, to be bought at so much the dozen."

"Well, what is an affinity?"

"You are one, Miss Mannerly."

"Really, Mr. Moody, am I really?"

"Like it. How do you know that I am one?"

"I feel it. My soul is attuned to yours, doomed to be linked through all eternity, fluttering, sailing, so to speak—for ever through the endless, boundless, multitudinous world."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Moody, please, don't! I don't wish to be linked and to flutter and sail! I don't anything."

"Let me arouse the wish within you. You must hear my last poem. I must read it."

"Must you?" asked Lorna, with mock earnestness.

"Indeed—yes, I must. It is divine. Hearken, hush!" And the poet chanted, in a monotonous

hush. "Give me the dream, dark days and deep, dark days. Of autumn's brooding, life-destroying, death-dealing. The rotting leaves that choke the swaying way."

He paused and looked up for admiration, smiling. Lorna screwed up her nose, and rising, said:

"Miss Mannerly."

"Go away, Oh, do; you've quite spoilt my tea."

"And she got up and went to the table with her cup."

"Crude, unformed, protoplasmic," said the poet to himself. "If it were not for her superabundant income I'd cut the embryonic nonentity for ever."

Spurdy came along the terrace holding a telegram. "A telegram for my lady."

Starting up, Lady Walgrove tore the envelope open eagerly. Sybil ran to her mother and let her to a seat at the same time looking over her shoulder. Having read the telegram, Lady Walgrove softly repeated:—

"All well. Hope to be with you by both Friday—earliest, if possible. God bless you both. My coming home brings happiness and peace to your life. Now, how's that? And she put the flower in her dress and swished herself round for inspection."

"Oh, how good; isn't that lovely?" cried Lorna.

"Excuse me, please," said Lady Walgrove faintly. "Sybil, stay with your guests. I will see to you all again presently."

"Let me come with you, dear Lady Walgrove," said Lorna, taking her arm and helping her into the house.

Lord Thorland turned to Sybil, and said earnestly:

"I congratulate you, Miss Landale."

"Thanks. It seems too good to be true."

"That is good is always true. You will be very glad to see your brother?"

"I cannot tell you how glad. I have longed for him all my life. Then, my mother's deep sorrow for him, and her patience, her sweetness! Oh, Lord Thorland, you don't know how good and how exquisitely tender and loving."

Lord Thorland was moved by her beauty and earnestness, and replied, "I think I do, Miss Landale."

"Jack must be a good man with such a sister, Miss Landale?"

"And, may I add, with such a sister, Miss Landale?"

"Oh—I. I shall never be as good and patient as dear mother."

"I have every reason to admire and love your dear mother, too. She has been very good and generous to me."

"She is that to all, Lord Thorland."

"Yes, but especially so to me. Shall I tell you how?"

"Yes, please."

Lord Thorland paused for a moment; then in a voice that trembled, in spite of his efforts to control it, he said:

"She has given me permission to speak to you as Sybil's manner and voice were hushed and quiet as she asked:

"What about?"

"Yourself," he replied, almost in a whisper.

To be continued.



# JAPANESE TROOPS DISEMBARKING ON THE COAST OF KOREA.



Japan has established herself with troops at Masampho, the treaty port on the south coast of Korea, which she will use as a naval and military base. Russia once endeavoured to obtain a coaling station at Masampho, but was prevented by Japan, who now uses her advantage.

## RUSSIA'S AMATEUR TARS.

**Blue-jackets are Largely Agricultural Labourers.**

Some interesting notes on the personnel of the Russian and Japanese fleets appear in "Cassier's Magazine" from the pen of Mr. Archibald S. Johnston.

Of the Japanese he says:— "The history of the Japanese Navy covers fewer years than that of any other naval force in the world. Within living memory she had no ships but the old square-sailed junks. As late as 1854, when she had no armed men-of-war on her coast."

The birth of the Japanese fleet may be said to date from 1872, when the present Vice-Admiral, Admiral Ito, Douglas, the first Canadian officer to hold rank in the British Navy, was appointed to proceed to Japan in command of a British mission which was organised at the request of the Japanese Government.

It was this young commander, typical of the school of naval officers, which mechanical repairs were applied to naval warfare was causing the Japanese to lay the foundations of the modern fleet of that country.

Simultaneously young Japanese officers visited England, and were appointed to British men-of-war, and studied in British naval institutions, so that they became thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of the system upon which the British fleet is organised.

The fleet now has 100 battleships, 100 cruisers, 100 destroyers, 100 submarines, 100 torpedo boats, 100 minesweepers, 100 gunboats, 100 auxiliary vessels, and 305 sub-lieutenants. The fleet is divided into three main branches: the fleet, the medical, and other officers and 31,688 men of the fleet to 35,395 men.

It was admitted to the writer, when visiting Japan, that a Russian battleship recently, that a large

portion of the men are not sailors, but agricultural labourers drawn from inland districts by the conscriptive system.

They enter as young men, not, to be noted, as boys; and serve from five to seven years, and are then passed into the reserve for a further period of eight to ten years.

From the fact that these men come from inland provinces it follows that they have not the love of the sea in their veins, and from the fact that Russia is not an industrial nation it also follows that few of these men have any mechanical knowledge. Consequently, the navy is manned with the roughest material, men who have to learn everything, and unlearn a great deal.

It is said that the standard of gunnery is good; but as no records of any kind are published, and the ships in Europe are in full commission for only about half the year, and most of the ships in the Far East have been commissioned comparatively recently, such assurances must be received with reservations. No doubt the men possess a high standard of courage and iron nerves, but these qualities in modern naval warfare cannot take the place of continuous war training, winter and summer, which is the programme of the British and American and German fleets.

## PARALYSIS AFTER VACCINATION.

At the Kingston County Bench yesterday a man applied for an exemption order under the Vaccination Act.

The Chairman asked what conscientious objection he had to make. The Applicant: Well, I myself have been vaccinated three times, and each time I was paralysed, and had to go under an operation.

The Chairman: That is a good objection. You can have an exemption order.

The Church Army and numerous missionary societies benefit, in sums of from £1,000 to £100, under the will of Miss Louisa M. H. V. Wentworth, of Buxton, which has been proved for £51,907.

## NO RAIN.

**Astonishing Weather Freak—London Left Dry.**

There was general discontent in London yesterday that reached open complaint. The weather had failed in its duty, the umbrella-ariat was betrayed, his goloshes kept annoyingly clean, and he had to carry his waterproof on his arm.

Dr. W. Lockyer, lecturing at the Royal Society, said we had had as much rain during the first few days of this month as we generally got in the whole of it. Yesterday we had almost as much dry as the whole of the past year has provided.

The war as a topic of conversation was as dead as the fiscal policy, and City men greeted each other with "Beastly dry day, old man," or "Miserable weather, isn't it; wish we could get a drop of rain to cheer things up a bit."

"Can't keep wet a minute" shouted a 'bus driver to a conductor ahead, "about time we had some rain, haven't known things as bad as this for a year or more."

## FAT BOY PROBLEMS.

Troubles seldom come singly, and the London School Board is now exercised about another fat boy, who has been discovered at Walworth. His father is a publican, and the Board contends that he would be better employed at school than at his father's house. Johnny Trundle, the Board learns, has come back to London, and that body is now considering what is to be done in his case, to test the correctness of his parents' statement that he is being efficiently educated by a governess, who travels with the family when out of town.

The Court will not be in residence again at Windsor until Ascot week.

## HYDE PARK FLOWERS.

**Forcing Houses and Potting Shed Erected near Magazine.**

Alarming statements have been current of a new enclosure in Hyde Park which will rob the public of many acres of recreation ground.

Yesterday a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* visited Hyde Park, and is of opinion that for once the authorities have been unjustly blamed.

For some time past it has been customary to utilise the frames running along the wall of Kensington Palace for forcing the plants used in the flower beds of Hyde Park.

These frames are now in need of repair, and are moreover strongly objected to by the residents at the Palace. A further objection is to be found in their remoteness, necessitating a considerable cost in cartage.

When, therefore, the question of rebuilding came up some months ago it was decided instead to build upon and enclose a wild and somewhat derelict portion of the Park, four acres in extent, near the magazine, previously used for clipping sheep. Here glass-houses have since been erected and fenced round, while in order to cover their unsightly appearance in the centre of the Park an earth bank has been raised and planted with shrubs.

The expenditure amounts to little more than would have been the case in rebuilding the original frames, while the saving in regard to cartage, time, and labour will be considerable for all time.

Mr. R. W. Perks, at the Metropolitan Railway meeting, said ninety per cent. of electrification contracts had been placed with British firms. The United Company's trams would run down an incline into Hammersmith Station, thus making continuous service from Southend to Hampton Court.





Serviceable grey Straw Hat, plumed with a grey and purple feather.

## PARLOUR COOKERY.

## DAINTIES PREPARED IN THE DINING ROOM.

Were the chafing-dish to vanish as suddenly from our midst as it came into it, how lost we should feel! What a blank would be created by its non-appearance at cosy Bridge parties and on arriving home chilly and tired after the theatre.

Again, in establishments where the comfort of the domestics is taken into consideration either by dispensing with them late at night, or at the popular Sunday supper, how invaluable it is found in the hands of some skilful operator (not always of the fair sex, mind you) who manipulates various ingredients from the prepared tray into a "piping hot" and savoury concoction.

To be successful all the ingredients should be ready beforehand; the butter weighed, the cooked eggs shelled, the cream whipped, the fish, parsley,

ham, and so forth, chopped. Merely the mixing and cooking should be done before the admiring but hungry guests. The following recipes are all specially compiled for the chafing-dish cookery:—

## WELSH RAREBIT.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of Cheshire cheese, half a teacupful of milk or ale, the yolks of two eggs, salt, mustard, and cayenne to taste, slices of toast.

First make the toast and trim the pieces neatly. Cut the cheese into thin slices and spread some of them with mustard.

Put the milk or ale in the chafing-dish; when it boils put in the cheese and cook it quickly, stirring all the time till the cheese is melted. Then add the yolks of the eggs and season the mixture nicely. Stir it over the fire just to cook the yolks, then put the mixture on the toast and serve at once.

## SARDINES A L'ITALIENNE.

INGREDIENTS:—One large box of sardines, pepper or cayenne, slices of slightly buttered toast, a little chopped parsley.

Pour the oil from the box of sardines into the frying-pan; if more is needed, add some good salad oil. When it is quite hot put in the sardines and fry them quickly till a pale brown. Drain them and arrange them on the hot toast and sprinkle them well with pepper or cayenne. If liked, decorate them with a little hard-boiled yolk of egg, which has been rubbed through a sieve.

## HADDOCK AU PARMESAN.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of cooked haddock, half a pint of white sauce, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, half a tablespoonful of browned crumbs, salt and pepper.

The fish should be freed from all bones and skin, and broken into large flakes. Pour the sauce into the chafing-dish, stir it till it is quite hot, then add to it the fish, half the cheese, and salt and pepper to taste. When this is hot turn it into a fireproof

dish, sprinkle the rest of the cheese and a few browned crumbs over the top, and hold it in front of the fire for a few minutes, and it is ready.

## KEDGEREE OF LOBSTER.

INGREDIENTS:—One ounce of butter, half a pound of boiled rice, half a pound of lobster, salt, pepper, and cayenne, two hard-boiled eggs.

Melt the butter in the chafing-dish. Chop the lobster and the hard-boiled eggs. When the butter is hot add to it the rice, lobster, and eggs, and a good seasoning of salt, pepper, and cayenne. Make the whole thoroughly hot. Sprinkle over it a little finely-chopped parsley, and serve at once.

## MACARONI A LA CREME.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of cooked macaroni, two ounces of butter, two dessertspoonfuls of cheese, half a gill of cream, salt and pepper, six slices of hot toast.

Melt the butter in the chafing-dish, add to it the cream and cheese, and stir these over the fire till they are hot. Then add the macaroni and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Make the mixture thoroughly hot. Trim the pieces of toast, divide the mixture evenly on them, and serve at once.

## BUTTERED EGGS WITH OYSTERS.

INGREDIENTS:—Three eggs, one dozen oysters, one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, slices of buttered toast.

First make the toast and trim the slices neatly. Beat the oysters and have each cut into four. Put the butter in the chafing-dish. While it gets hot beat up the eggs, add to them salt and pepper, the oysters and their liquor. When the butter is bubbling pour into the mixture and stir it till it is of a creamy thickness. Then heap some of it on each slice of toast and serve at once.

## CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

## THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NURSERY AND THE DRAWING-ROOM.

It is not the fashion now, very fortunately, to torture children who have no ear for music and no desire to learn how to play the pianoforte or violin with lessons.

But the little ones who are naturally gifted with a love for sweet harmonies are encouraged to be zealous over the surmounting of those initial difficulties that beset the student of music by having music given to them and played for them.

They will be very well pleased with the "Pick-a-back Songs" published by Putnam's Sons, a prettily-illustrated song-book, which, from its phraseology, evidently hails from across the Atlantic. The words, by Myrtle Reed, bring the little ones into familiar touch with the man in the moon, and introduces them as friends of spotted giraffes, little woolly dogs, bears, rabbits, and all sorts of nice creatures.

As for the music, it is simple and sweet, and has decidedly more in it than most of the nonsense that mothers and nurses generally have to sing to children who are not contented with such stock favourites as "See-saw, Margery Daw."

In the nursery children require music that is essentially easy to understand, but when they go downstairs to the drawing-room their tastes wax quite grown up. That is the explanation of one observant mother, who bases her theory on the fact that the "Just So Song Book," which is no real



A picturesque piece of Spring Millinery, showing the new high crown.

favourite upstairs, is eagerly asked for during the children's hour in the drawing-room.

The childish fantasies revealed in *Kindergarten's* "Just So" poems are not generally attractive to children. A child laughs at the ridiculousness of his own thoughts in a half-frightened, half-ashamed, unintelligent manner. But grown-up readers find inexplicably charming these childish fancies about strange lands visited in day-dreams.

Mr. German's strong individuality, best expressed by the epithet fantastic, is exactly what was needed to express the introspective aloofness of children's thoughts, in harmony, and, therefore, it is no wonder that so many households treasure the *Just So Song Book*, published by Messrs. Macmillan, in which the spirit of childhood is as perfectly expressed in music as in words.

## Three Notable Songs.

Three of the songs are especially noteworthy, in that expressing three different turns of mind. That far-away little ditty in which the child assumes the vision of the Cake Parsee, who lives on the Uninhabited Island, which is situated in the Arabian Sea, is usually a favourite amongst children, and the wild race between the Kangaroo and the Dingo, and the crashing allegro marcato of the great steamers as they sweep down the Channel and go "Rolling down to Rio," strikes their imagination forcibly.

A book that has attracted great and deserved success among ardent lovers of music is the "Life of Chopin," by Mr. J. C. Hadden, one of Messrs. Chopin's series of the "Master Musicians." In setting forth this romantic story the writer has a pleasant task tinged with sadness. He is in thorough sympathy with his subject, but it is a pity for a biographer to announce his opinion on controversial subjects with the frequent formula, "Personally, I believe."

## The Charm of Chopin.

His charm of modesty, his womanly affection for parents and friends, Chopin expressed to the full in his letters, and of these a large and well-chosen selection is given. His tale, however told, cannot fail to thrill. The picture of this lovely man, weak in will and body alike, leaning on the strength of that remarkable woman, George Sand, is one of the most striking examples of "human interest" in history. "Is she really a woman?" Chopin asked, repelled at first by the hard and masculine force of character, which charm enveloped him, and perhaps for a while saved him to the world.

**A FREE SAMPLE OF "VINOLIA"**  
(An Emollient Cream for the Skin. Eczema, Irritation, &c.)  
Sent on receipt of 1d. stamp  
**VINOLIA CO., LTD., LONDON, N.W.**

**HUNT'S LIQUID BLACKLEAD (PAT.)**  
Removes Grease. Brilliant Fixed Black Polish.  
Awarded 1 Gold, 2 Silver Medals, Of Oilmen and Grocers, Bottles 1d., 3d., 6d. Sample 6d., of Hunt, 22, Stokenchurch street, Fulham.

## SEVENTH WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION.

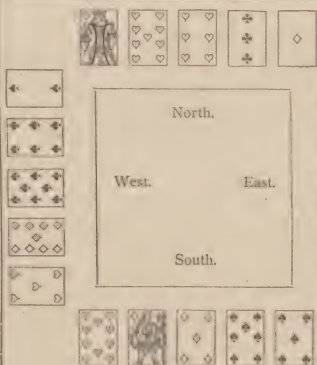
Conducted by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

£20 in Cash, and Ten Silver-mounted Morocco Bridge Cases, each of the value or One Guinea.

In view of the fact that several solvers have recently been asking for more difficult problems, it is curious to note the very small number who succeeded this week in answering all the coupons correctly. There is one significant feature about our recent awards which entirely disproves the allegation of two or three unsuccessful contestants (notably "Whistful Noice") that these are little better than "lotteries." The feature we refer to is that the same people have been repeatedly successful in giving wholly correct replies to the declarations, as well as to the problems. This makes it perfectly clear that the decisions are given on logical and intelligible principles. Those who continually fail, do so because they have not yet mastered the scheme of systematic reasoning on which the de-

clarations are based. At the same time, as it is our desire not to confine the prizes to a small circle of readers, however expert they may be, we shall enforce the rule that competitors who have already won a weekly prize will not be eligible for another until after the expiration of three calendar months. As already announced, we shall make the further concession that no entrance fee whatever shall in future be payable in the weekly contests. We hope that these two new conditions will result in securing prizes to a large number of readers who have hitherto not met with the success that their perseverance deserves.

The great majority of solvers got all their declarations right in the present set of coupons, but only a very few gave the correct play of the illustrative ending, which we now give:—



Diamonds are trumps and South has the lead.

The lead of spade was a popular method, trumped by North with the ♠A. East discarding ♠8. Then ♠K; ♠Q; ♠6; South discarding his last spade on East's queen; and South's ♠A trumps take the finals.

The only correct and indefeasible way, however, is as under:—

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	TRUMP.
1.	♠A	♠K	♠Q	♠A
2.	♥8	♥10	♥A	♥A
3.	♣5	♣6	♣A	♣A
4.	♦7	♦A	♦Q	♦A
5.	♦L	♦8	♦6	♦A

COMMENTS.

Trick 2.—If South over-trumps and leads ♠10, passed by North, East plays ♠7, and the last two tricks will be won by South. Many solvers overlooked East's correct play in this case.

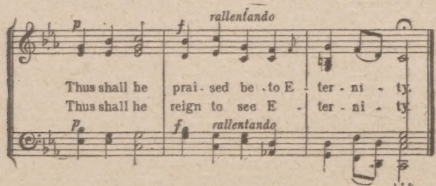
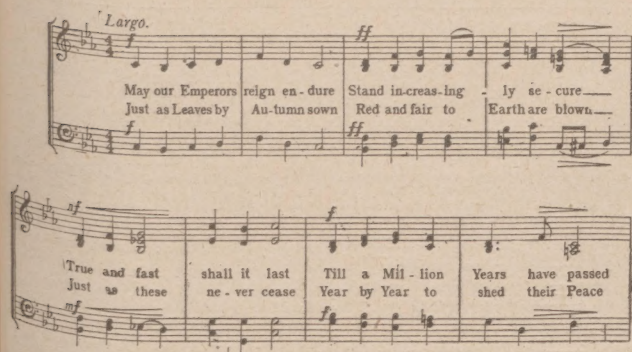
The adjudications of Coupons A, B, and C, and the list of prize-winners, will appear in the next issue.



Dedicated to the Japan Society, London.

## KIMI-GA-YO. (Reign of my Sovereign.)

Japanese National Anthem.



Japanese National Anthem, dating from the seventh century A.D. The words were written by an Empress, and the music composed by an Emperor of Japan.

(Reproduced by permission of Paul Bevan, Esq.)

## JAP WAR SONGS.

Patriotic Bards are Always Ready  
with Ballads to Cheer the  
Little Fighting Man.

The Japanese are great lovers of music, and whenever they have any fighting on hand the land is filled with patriotic war-songs specially written for the occasion. The Japs are nothing if not up-to-date. Directly they are engaged in a war the topical ballads are ready with a supply of stirring, stirring ballads, which soldiers, sailors, and civilians sing enthusiastically.

Curiously enough one of these war songs, which the Japanese as "The British Grenadiers" does an English crowd, has been hummed or whistled by nearly every Englishman, and is well known here as it is in Japan, though Japanese composer. Thirty-six years ago Japan was in the throes of a great civil war. After a sanguinary struggle the Imperial dynasty was restored, and the birth of the Japan of to-day was marked by the ascent of the present Emperor to the throne, and "Miya Sama" was the war song in which the Imperial troops marched to victory. Its first verse is a cry from the Jap to his leader:

Oh! my Prince, oh! my Prince,  
What is that fluttering in the wind  
Before your Imperial horse?  
To which the reply in the second verse is:—  
That is the signal for chastening the rebels;  
Know ye not  
Those three standards of broadsword?

The words are strange to English ears, but the melody is familiar. It was used with conspicuous success by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who introduced it in that most popular of light operas, "The Mikado."

The Japanese National Anthem is probably the finest in the world. The music was composed by

MIYA SAMA  
WAR SONG OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY  
(1867-8.)

The soldiers who won the Japanese throne for the present Emperor marched to victory singing this song. It is nearly as well known in England as in Japan, Sir Arthur Sullivan having introduced it into his famous opera, "The Mikado."

an Emperor of Japan and the words written by his Empress in the seventh century—thirteen hundred years ago. One of the most popular of the Japanese songs is "Sayonara," which, alas, will probably be frequently heard there during the next few months. Its dirge-like melody is meant to express sorrow for a dying or dead man.

The melody known to us as "Chon Kina" is also the work of a Japanese composer. It was originally written, and in Japan is still sung, as a harvest song.

Like the Germans, the Japanese soldiers are very fond of singing as they march along. To Western ears, though their melodies are pleasing enough, the effect of the singing is not particularly pleasant, for a good many notes are howled or grunted. But his singing serves to help the Jap "Tommy" on his way, and now he will doubtless go marching through Korea to the sound of stirring new songs voicing defiance of his hated foe, the Russian.

The songs here reproduced are from "Miyako-Dori," a collection of Japanese melodies published by Messrs. Novello and Co. They have been collected and translated into English music by Mr. Paul Bevan, the secretary of the Japanese Society, to whose courtesy we are indebted for permission to present them to our readers.

## NEWS IN LITTLE.

## Happenings in All Parts of the World.

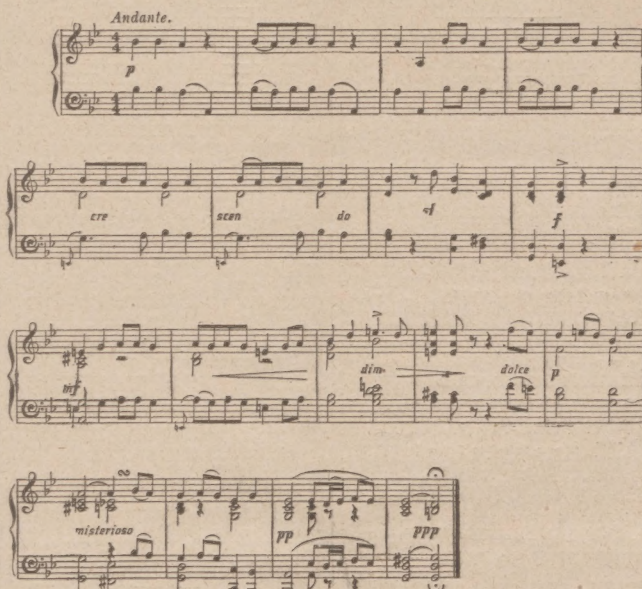
The King and Queen arrived at Paddington yesterday from Windsor.

Four new schools and ten enlargements accommodating 5,465 children were opened by the London School Board during 1903, at a cost of £157,906.

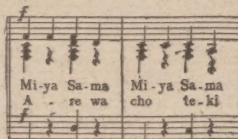
A dispatch from Oswego, New York, reports that the Kingsford starch works, a branch of the Corn Products Company, have been burned down. The loss is estimated at £200,000.

Lloyd's bronze medal for gallantry has been awarded to Apprentice West and Able Seaman Strong. At the wreck of the ss. Laurelwood, near Brest, they jumped overboard to secure a

## SAYONARA.



Japanese song of mourning, voicing the last sad farewell to a fallen hero.



boat which had broken away, thereby saving many lives.

The strike of the East Paris Tramways' employees is at an end, the men's demands having been granted.

A memorial service for the late Master of the Temple, Canon Ainger, will be held at the Temple Church to-day at 2.30 p.m.

The City of London "thinks Imperially." It has given 100 guineas for special prizes at Bisle to Colonial and Indian Volunteers.

Dr. James Kerr will represent the London School Board at the International Congress for School Health to be held at Nuremberg in April.

Rates in the City will rise sixpence this year. This is due to an increased School Board contribution and over-borrowings of a million sterling last year.

The Moderate party of Finsbury has selected the Rev. R. F. Hosken as candidate for the L.C.C. Election, in place of Mr. Philip Rutland, who has resigned.

In order to prevent clashing with the first night of "My Lady of Roseale" at the New Theatre, Miss Muriel Wyldford has postponed the production of "A Man of Honour" at the Avenue Theatre until Thursday, February 18.

In Marlborough, New Zealand, any youth smoking in the streets, under the age of sixteen is liable to a fine of £10. This law came into force on January 1 and was passed by a majority of one vote only.

The funeral of Lady Adeliza Manners, daughter of the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, took place at Belvoir Castle yesterday afternoon. The Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Granby, and a large number of relations attended.

PEOPLE  
PROMINENT.STORIES ABOUT WELL-KNOWN MEN  
AND WOMEN OF THE DAY.

The Tsar of Russia has long been known as an amateur composer of music, but there is an irony in the fact that his latest creation is entitled "A Song of Peace." The "Guide Musical" of Brussels, one of the most reliable musical journals on the Continent, gives an account of this work, which was performed at a recent concert in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The programme on that occasion was mainly made up of compositions by his Majesty. This "Song of Peace" is divided into three sections, the first depicting the turmoil of battle, the second the battlefield aspect, and the third is a reflection upon war and those responsible for it.

Another recent composition of the Tsar was a Christmas hymn, composed quite recently, which also breathed the spirit of peace. It was reproduced in facsimile a short time ago by the "Weekly Dispatch."

The Tsar is also a violinist, and possesses some magnificent old violins. He has composed several violin pieces, one of which was played at the above-mentioned concert at the Winter Palace.

## Lady Curzon of India.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston is taking a rest from the onerous duties of her position, and arrived at Southampton yesterday; she will stay a short time in this country, and then go on to Washington, to spend Easter with her parents. Her career, as vice-reine of India, has been a series of triumphs, largely due to her winning manner and infinite tact; for her position, as representative of Queen Alexandra, is almost a regal one, and India is the hot-bed of caste. Her beauty is celebrated; she is one—if not quite—the loveliest (though comparisons are invidious) of the fair Americans who have married into the British peerage. As Miss Mary Leiter she was called "the belle of three cities"—New York, Newport, and Washington—and as is not always the case with so much physical perfection, her mental gifts are also quite exceptional. At one time, when present at a party, she was surrounded by the representatives of four different countries—French, Spanish, Italian, and German—and she passed from one language to another, discussing chiefly literary subjects, and quoting poets and authors of each nationality with the greatest readiness. In the more feminine attribute of dress, her taste is quite a feature of her character; at the Durbar last year she presented a stately and magnificent figure in a gown of hand-embroidered tissue, the design being peacocks' feathers, embossed in gold thread.

## Locks Still Golden.

In opposition to Lady Wimborne's brilliant gathering last week, Lady Londonderry is to-day holding a political reception for the members of the Government party. She is one of the best hostesses in London, with a singularly graceful presence, possessing in a marked degree what is popularly known as the "Irish manner." In her youth she was extremely lovely, and attended the historic fancy ball at Marlborough House as "the fair one with the golden locks," where she was conspicuous for her radiant and glowing beauty. Lady Londonderry is devoted to her Irish home, Mount Stewart, which, even in winter, retains a summer-like appearance, owing to the marvellous and gigantic growth of rhododendrons, evergreen oaks, eucalyptus, etc., in the grounds, which flourish so abundantly that Lady Londonderry fondly calls it her "evergreen home." On beautiful Strangford Lough, too, she is able to pursue her favourite amusement of yachting, and possesses quite a creditable knowledge of practical seamanship.

## "A Country Girl."

Lady Margaret Compton, who made her debut into society last night at the dance given in her honour by her aunt, Lady Cowper, is the only daughter of Lord Northampton, the owner of that celebrated old place Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire.

Unlike most girls in the same position, she has been but very little in London, and has taken no part in bazaars or charity fêtes, at which before they are "out" young girls so often assist. Instead, she has lived a quiet, out-door life in the country, and is devoted to country pursuits, especially to riding.

Both Lord and Lady Northampton, her father and mother, are extremely philanthropic, and a very amusing story is told by Lord Northampton how, on one occasion, at a bazaar at which his wife had been assisting, he heard her say delightedly to a lady friend, "Oh! I've made sixty pounds." Lord Northampton felt constrained to murmur "The stall cost me a hundred to furnish."

## A Plucky Lady.

To lie still in bed and watch a burglar making off with your belongings requires more nerve than most ladies possess, but Lady Beatrice Dalrymple, who had this adventure a day or two ago, will doubtless have her reward in getting her things back, for she was able to take minute notice of the intruder's appearance and telephone a complete description of him to the police.

Lady Beatrice, who is twenty-three years old, is an athletic young lady, and possesses a vast amount of pluck, doubtless inherited from her distinguished soldier uncle, Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton.

She is a grand-daughter of the Lord Stair who at one time fell under the guillotine more nerve than of his Scotch tenants because he did not feel himself able to subscribe to a memorial to a man in the neighbourhood who had lately died.

The visitors come to solicit his support were disappointedly leaving the room, but the last man lingered one moment to fire a parting shot, saying, "Vare weel, my lord, ye'll no subscribe to our monument the day. Maybe the day'll come when ye'll be wantin' a monument yersel', and maybe ye'll no get it." But, so far, his prophecy does not seem likely to be fulfilled.

## DUSE'S RIVAL.

An actress from Finland, Ida Aalberg, has taken Berlin by storm, with her interpretation of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," our correspondent writes. Recognising her extraordinary talent for the histrionic art, the great dramatist himself trained her in the correct conception of his plays.







# AIR M.P.'S BREATHE.

Various Views of Members About the Atmosphere and Hours of Parliament.

"The House of Commons is not a health resort," said a member of Parliament yesterday to a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*. "We are all voluntary martyrs to the State. I never



PROFESSOR THORPE, Head of the Government Laboratory, who in 1898 tested the atmosphere of the House of Commons for disease germs.

what it was to be unwell till I came here, or I have not the courage to retire. Whether the House or the hours are to blame, I don't know; but personally I suspect that the chatterboxes, who are everlastingly gabbling on the floor, contribute

of poor speakers. At this moment I am suffering from the House of Commons headache—a dull, depressing sensation across the top of the cranium as if one carried an icy freight."

The member was not quite such a pessimist as his words suggest. He yet confessed a strong attachment for the "finest club in the world." The subject under discussion had reference to the many by-elections lately occasioned by the deaths of members. Since 1885 nearly 200 of the then 670 members have died. This is partly explained on the ground of men entering the House on the wrong side of their prime, and partly on account of the admitted unhealthiness of the House. Hardly a day passes but some member seeks the none too salubrious airs of the terrace to arrest the progress of an incipient faint.

Nor is the air much better in the lobbies or corridors. Only yesterday a waiter in the tea-room had an apoplectic seizure, and was removed to Westminster Hospital. The smoke-room lies very low, and there are seldom more than half a dozen



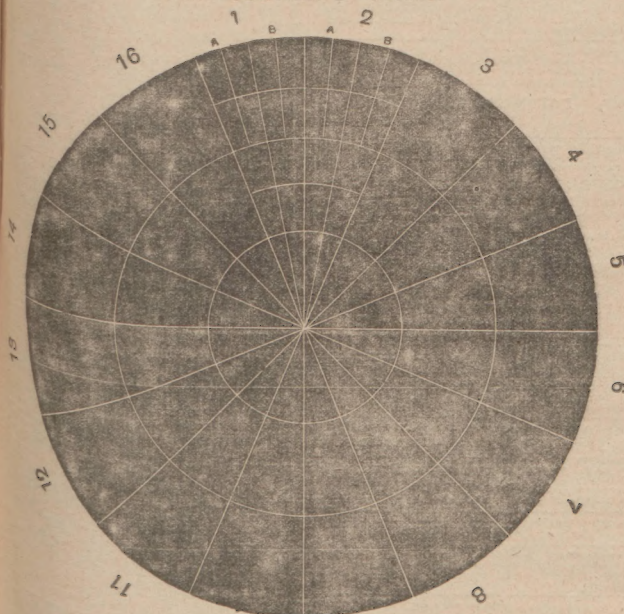
Before they are examined under the microscope, air bacteria are induced to settle on sugar which fills part of the tube. The sugar is covered with gelatine, which at once imprisons the microbes.

members in it at one time. M.P.'s are notoriously bad attenders in their places.

The sanitation of the House of Commons is an ever-recurring topic among members, especially when the death-roll seems to swell abnormally. By reason of the sad and sudden death of Mr. Powell Williams, which very much resembled the dramatic end of Dr. Robert Wallace some years ago, the question is at present brought again into prominence.

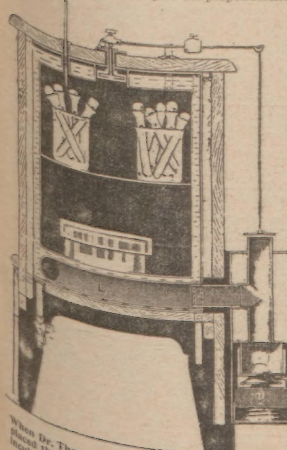
"I do not find the air at fault," said Sir Michael Foster, who succeeded Mr. Akers-Douglas as chairman of the Ventilation Committee. "A year ago we made a thorough scientific investigation of

## FOR COUNTING GERMS.



An enumerating disc for counting bacilli. They are mixed up in gelatine, and placed on a glass disc, which is put over the enumerator. By the aid of a powerful microscope an accurate calculation can be made of the bacilli caught.

mainly to the misery of M.P.s. Bored are a vexatious pest. The few good speakers in the House are very largely to the preponderance



When Dr. Thorpe tested the air of the House he placed the tube containing the bacteria in an enumerator like this to induce the germs to develop.

the Chamber, at all times of the day, when the House was empty and full. We were agreeably surprised to discover that, both chemically and bacteriologically, the atmosphere would compare favourably with that of any public building in the Metropolis. Of course, we netted a goodly number of microbes, but generally they were not malevolent or present in menacing quantity.

"All the same, our work is not yet finished. We shall soon be further improving the ventilation apparatus, especially with the object of filtering the air admitted to the Chamber, which is rather foul in foggy weather. We hope to make the Legislative Chamber perfect by-and-by."

## Too Long Hours.

Sir Michael's optimism contrasted strangely with the general opinions gleaned in a series of talks with members. While one or two regarded as sacrilege the idea of enlarging the traditional talking-shop, insisting upon its excellent acoustic properties, others were in open revolt against the unconscionably long and late hours, which, in their view, did more than anything else to shorten the lives of members. The dinner hour and a half—between 7.30 and 9 o'clock—recently introduced was hailed as an invaluable boon, except that men were rather reluctant to return to business afterwards, and, as a rule, a trifle somnolent and prosy.

"Shorter hours would mean longer lives, better health, better speeches, better business," said a very old Parliamentary hand, who is too conscientious to indulge in absenteeism. "We are all old men at fifty-five, and too many of us come here when they have tired of their ordinary occupations, having made a fortune after a strenuous life that has left them only enough energy to exist upon. The House needs young blood."

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**SERVANTS AND SITUATIONS.**—It is a question whether it is more difficult to get good servants or to find good situations. The risk employers accept employed every time a change is made is greater than one runs by employing a servant. The Bond Street Bureau, 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., make a personal matter of looking after both the servant and the situation, and can therefore recommend both in every single case. The charge is less than in any other office, and is not even levied on the first year's wages, when suited only. Apply The Bond Street Bureau, 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W.

## Menservants.

**BUTLER**, age 35; abstainer; £75; excellent references; engaged—Write C. 120, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**BUTLER**, age 40; £45—Write C. 121, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**BUTLER**; £55; 12 years' experience—Write C. 122, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**CARRIAGE-ROOM**, age 21; 5 ft. 7 in.; £30; disengaged—Write C. 123, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COACHMAN**, age 53; 5 ft. 7 in.; £25-£30; good references—Write C. 123, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COACHMAN** (married), age 39; 5 ft. 6 in.; 25s.—Write C. 124, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**GARDENER**, age 32; married; over 6 years' experience—Write C. 140, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**GROOM**, £18; 5 ft. 5 in.; good references—Write C. 125, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**HOUSE-BOY**, and to assist butler; good references; disengaged—Write C. 128, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**PORTERS** (several); well recommended; disengaged—Write C. 149, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**VALET**, and attendant on invalid; doctor's references; age 29; £25—Write C. 120, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Cooks.**

**COOK** (good); in town; 50 to 55; 21 years' character—Write B. 252, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK** (good); £60; well recommended—Write B. 250, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK** (good); in town; £40 to £45; good references—Write B. 249, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK** (lady); personally recommended—Write B. 248, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK** (good); in town; £30; all found—Write B. 247, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**General Servants.**

**GENERAL**; at seaside; small family; wages £18; where £100 made in 10 days—Write Y. 203, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**USEFUL** Help wanted at Bromley—Write Y. 200, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Housekeepers.**

**HOUSEKEEPER**—Re-engagement required by trustworthy well-connected person to bachelor or widower without children, where man or boy is kept; good cook and manager; long and excellent references—B. A. Manor Farm, Chesham, Bucks.

**LADY** highly recommends her late Housekeeper; experienced; good manager; age 31; small salary—Write B. B. Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Companion.**

**COMPANION-HELP** to lady—Lady, age 26; good references; disengaged—Write 1064, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Lady's Maid.**

**LADY'S MAID** (under); Children or Sewing Maid; good knowledge of dressmaking; can be recommended—Apply B. Beaumont, Layham, Hadding, Suffolk.

**Kitchenmaids.**

**KITCHENMAID**; disengaged now; wages £20-£24; small family; town; age 22—Write Y. 201, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**KITCHENMAID** (superior); disengaged now; wages £26-£28; under a chef—Write Y. 202, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Miscellaneous.**

**DECORATOR** (experienced) wants partial employment; moderate remuneration; own tools—L. 16, Polyan, Clapham.

**LADY** wishes position to serve in tea-room, where only ladies employed—Write M. Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

**Menservants.**

**FOOTMAN** (first) wanted; 5 ft. 9 in.; £40; all found but beer—Interview to-day 11.30, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**FOOTMAN** (second); 5 ft. 9 in.—Interview to-day 11.30, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**FOOTMAN**; single-handed; £18—Call Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**FOOTMEN**, first and second, for Folkestone; no butler kept; height not under 5 ft. 9 in.; first-class references—Write Campbell, Radnor Club, Folkestone.

**VALET**, for chambers in town; 12s. week—Call 11.30 to-day, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Cooks.**

**COOK** (good); in country; £30; four in family; four servants kept—Write B. 245, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK** (good plain); in town; four in family; three servants kept; £28—Write B. 246, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

**COOK** (plain), for country; three servants kept; £20—Write B. 251, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK** (plain), for country; three servants kept; £24 to £26—Write B. 244, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK-GENERAL** (good) wanted at once for Dorchester; wages £18-£20; small family; plain cooking; nurse-housemaid kept—Write Y. 503, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK-GENERAL** wanted at once for Reigate; wages £18-£20; 2 servants kept; small family—Write Y. 504, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**COOK-GENERAL** wanted for Feb. 22; small family; ab-stainer; wages £20; 3 in family—Write Y. 505, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**General Servants.**

**GENERAL** (good) wanted in licensed victualler's house; good wages given respectable person—Apply Two Brewers, 112, Goswell-road, E.C.

**GENERAL** Servant (good) wanted, who can do plain cooking; wages £18-£19—Apply Mrs. Davies, 11, Jackson's-lane, Highbury.

**GENERAL**; wage £18; plain cooking; small house; wanted at once—Write Y. 506, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**GENERAL** wanted at once; wages £20-£25; five in family; one servant kept—Write Y. 508, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**GENERAL** wanted for Stamford Hill; at once; small house; small family; wages £15—Write Y. 509, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**GENERAL** wanted; plain cooking; small family; no basement; nurse; morning girl kept—Westdene, Marlborough-road, Putney.

**GENERAL** wanted at once; wages £14; one in family; boy kept; very plain cooking; no washing—Y. 507, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**USEFUL** Help for General; wage £18-20; two in family; one child; nurse kept; and charwoman to assist—Write Y. 502, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**USEFUL** Help or General wanted; wages £14-£16; 2 in family; man kept—Write Y. 500, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Housekeeper.**

**HOUSEKEEPER** (working) or General (middle-aged); wages £14; 2 in family; quiet place; no washing; wanted at once—Write Y. 501, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Nurse.**

**NURSE** for first baby; in town; good needlewoman; £20—Write B. 253, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Parlourmaids.**

**GILL** (young) wanted as house-parlourmaid; wages £20; 2 maid kept—Write S. K. Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**HOUSE-PARLOURMAID** wanted; from £20-£22—Write S. 170, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**HOUSE-PARLOURMAID** for Kent; wages £20-£22—Write S. 172, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**HOUSE-PARLOURMAID** for West Hampstead; wages £18 to £20—Write S. 173, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**HOUSE-PARLOURMAID** for Exhill; £16-£18—Write S. 174, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**HOUSE-PARLOURMAID** wanted; £18-£22, £22-£24—Write S. 175, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**PARLOURMAID** (good) wanted for London end of Feb. 45—Write S. 171, Bond Street Bureau, 45, New Bond Street, W.

**Miscellaneous.**

**BLOUSE and Ficin Makers** for very smart work—Write full particulars of experience to 1060, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

**WANTED**, Persons (either sex) for cutting paper stencils at home; easy good pay—Addressing envelope to Gilding and Co., 75, Melbourne-grove, East Dulwich, London.

**FLATS TO LET AND WANTED.**

**HANDSOMELY** Furnished flat; 2 bed, sitting, dining, kitchen, bath, E.L. linen, plate for three months; £25 weekly—5, St. Paul's-mansions, Hammersmith.

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**BED-SITTING-ROOM**—Young lady wanted to share; every convenience—Miss Barrett, 9, Olney-road, Kensington.

**UNFURNISHED**: three rooms, bath, garden; moderate—27, Flinders-road, Gainsborough-road, Bedford Park.

**COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.**

**COUNTRY**—Comfortable home; elderly person or children—Joy Villa, Chapel St. Mary, Ipswich.

**LIVE STOCK, VEHICLES, ETC.**

**LARGE** upstanding lengthy, orange-yellow Yorkshire stock Cart; in full song; 2s. 6d.; each; two 6s. arrival guaranteed; carefully packed—Stevens The Laurels, West Drayton.

**VERY** pretty little half-bred Yorkshire Terrier Puppy; seven weeks; charming pet and companion; 12s. 6d.—Miss M. The Gables, Claxton, Norwich.

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**ALINSON** Wholesome Bread, a necessity for children and all who would be well, especially those suffering from constipation and its attendant evils—Send 1d. stamp for sample to "D. M." Natural Food Co., Ltd., Bethnal Green, E.

**DAREN** Bread—Ask your baker; if not obtainable, write "Daren" Mill, Dartford.

**DELICIOUS** Swiss Milk Chocolate, lib. box sent for 1s. P.O.—Welfare, Confectionery, Balham High-road.

**LIVE** Fish; unrivalled value; choice selected basket. 4 fish; 3 lb.; 3s. 6d.; 2 lb.; 2s. 6d.; 1 lb.; 1s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.; 14s. 6d.; 16s. 6d.; 18s. 6d.; 20s. 6d.; 22s. 6d.; 24s. 6d.; 26s. 6d.; 28s. 6d.; 30s. 6d.; 32s. 6d.; 34s. 6d.; 36s. 6d.; 38s. 6d.; 40s. 6d.; 42s. 6d.; 44s. 6d.; 46s. 6d.; 48s. 6d.; 50s. 6d.; 52s. 6d.; 54s. 6d.; 56s. 6d.; 58s. 6d.; 60s. 6d.; 62s. 6d.; 64s. 6d.; 66s. 6d.; 68s. 6d.; 70s. 6d.; 72s. 6d.; 74s. 6d.; 76s. 6d.; 78s. 6d.; 80s. 6d.; 82s. 6d.; 84s. 6d.; 86s. 6d.; 88s. 6d.; 90s. 6d.; 92s. 6d.; 94s. 6d.; 96s. 6d.; 98s. 6d.; 100s. 6d.; 102s. 6d.; 104s. 6d.; 106s. 6d.; 108s. 6d.; 110s. 6d.; 112s. 6d.; 114s. 6d.; 116s. 6d.; 118s. 6d.; 120s. 6d.; 122s. 6d.; 124s. 6d.; 126s. 6d.; 128s. 6d.; 130s. 6d.; 132s. 6d.; 134s. 6d.; 136s. 6d.; 138s. 6d.; 140s. 6d.; 142s. 6d.; 144s. 6d.; 146s. 6d.; 148s. 6d.; 150s. 6d.; 152s. 6d.; 154s. 6d.; 156s. 6d.; 158s. 6d.; 160s. 6d.; 162s. 6d.; 164s. 6d.; 166s. 6d.; 168s. 6d.; 170s. 6d.; 172s. 6d.; 174s. 6d.; 176s. 6d.; 178s. 6d.; 180s. 6d.; 182s. 6d.; 184s. 6d.; 186s. 6d.; 188s. 6d.; 190s. 6d.; 192s. 6d.; 194s. 6d.; 196s. 6d.; 198s. 6d.; 200s. 6d.; 202s. 6d.; 204s. 6d.; 206s. 6d.; 208s. 6d.; 210s. 6d.; 212s. 6d.; 214s. 6d.; 216s. 6d.; 218s. 6d.; 220s. 6d.; 222s. 6d.; 224s. 6d.; 226s. 6d.; 228s. 6d.; 230s. 6d.; 232s. 6d.; 234s. 6d.; 236s. 6d.; 238s. 6d.; 240s. 6d.; 242s. 6d.; 244s. 6d.; 246s. 6d.; 248s. 6d.; 250s. 6d.; 252s. 6d.; 254s. 6d.; 256s. 6d.; 258s. 6d.; 260s. 6d.; 262s. 6d.; 264s. 6d.; 266s. 6d.; 268s. 6d.; 270s. 6d.; 272s. 6d.; 274s. 6d.; 276s. 6d.; 278s. 6d.; 280s. 6d.; 282s. 6d.; 284s. 6d.; 286s. 6d.; 288s. 6d.; 290s. 6d.; 292s. 6d.; 294s. 6d.; 296s. 6d.; 298s. 6d.; 300s. 6d.; 302s. 6d.; 304s. 6d.; 306s. 6d.; 308s. 6d.; 310s. 6d.; 312s. 6d.; 314s. 6d.; 316s. 6d.; 318s. 6d.; 320s. 6d.; 322s. 6d.; 324s. 6d.; 326s. 6d.; 328s. 6d.; 330s. 6d.; 332s. 6d.; 334s. 6d.; 336s. 6d.; 338s. 6d.; 340s. 6d.; 342s. 6d.; 344s. 6d.; 346s. 6d.; 348s. 6d.; 350s. 6d.; 352s. 6d.; 354s. 6d.; 356s. 6d.; 358s. 6d.; 360s. 6d.; 362s. 6d.; 364s. 6d.; 366s. 6d.; 368s. 6d.; 370s. 6d.; 372s. 6d.; 374s. 6d.; 376s. 6d.; 378s. 6d.; 380s. 6d.; 382s. 6d.; 384s. 6d.; 386s. 6d.; 388s. 6d.; 390s. 6d.; 392s. 6d.; 394s. 6d.; 396s. 6d.; 398s. 6d.; 400s. 6d.; 402s. 6d.; 404s. 6d.; 406s. 6d.; 408s. 6d.; 410s. 6d.; 412s. 6d.; 414s. 6d.; 416s. 6d.; 418s. 6d.; 420s. 6d.; 422s. 6d.; 424s. 6d.; 426s. 6d.; 428s. 6d.; 430s. 6d.; 432s. 6d.; 434s. 6d.; 436s. 6d.; 438s. 6d.; 440s. 6d.; 442s. 6d.; 444s. 6d.; 446s. 6d.; 448s. 6d.; 450s. 6d.; 452s. 6d.; 454s. 6d.; 456s. 6d.; 458s. 6d.; 460s. 6d.; 462s. 6d.; 464s. 6d.; 466s. 6d.; 468s. 6d.; 470s. 6d.; 472s. 6d.; 474s. 6d.; 476s. 6d.; 478s. 6d.; 480s. 6d.; 482s. 6d.; 484s. 6d.; 486s. 6d.; 488s. 6d.; 490s. 6d.; 492s. 6d.; 494s. 6d.; 496s. 6d.; 498s. 6d.; 500s. 6d.; 502s. 6d.; 504s. 6d.; 506s. 6d.; 508s. 6d.; 510s. 6d.; 512s. 6d.; 514s. 6d.; 516s. 6d.; 518s. 6d.; 520s. 6d.; 522s. 6d.; 524s. 6d.; 526s. 6d.; 528s. 6d.; 530s. 6d.; 532s. 6d.; 534s. 6d.; 536s. 6d.; 538s. 6d.; 540s. 6d.; 542s. 6d.; 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726s. 6d.; 728s. 6d.; 730s. 6d.; 732s. 6d.; 734s. 6d.; 736s. 6d.; 738s. 6d.; 740s. 6d.; 742s. 6d.; 744s. 6d.; 746s. 6d.; 748s. 6d.; 750s. 6d.; 752s. 6d.; 754s. 6d.; 756s. 6d.; 758s. 6d.; 760s. 6d.; 762s. 6d.; 764s. 6d.; 766s. 6d.; 768s. 6d.; 770s. 6d.; 772s. 6d.; 774s. 6d.; 776s. 6d.; 778s. 6d.; 780s. 6d.; 782s. 6d.; 784s. 6d.; 786s. 6d.; 788s. 6d.; 790s. 6d.; 792s. 6d.; 794s. 6d.; 796s. 6d.; 798s. 6d.; 800s. 6d.; 802s. 6d.; 804s. 6d.; 806s. 6d.; 808s. 6d.; 810s. 6d.; 812s. 6d.; 814s. 6d.; 816s. 6d.; 818s. 6d.; 820s. 6d.; 822s. 6d.; 824s. 6d.; 826s. 6d.; 828s. 6d.; 830s. 6d.; 832s. 6d.; 834s. 6d.; 836s. 6d.; 838s. 6d.; 840s. 6d.; 842s. 6d.; 844s. 6d.; 846s. 6d.; 848s. 6d.; 850s. 6d.; 852s. 6d.; 854s. 6d.; 856s. 6d.; 858s. 6d.; 860s. 6d.; 862s. 6d.; 864s. 6d.; 866s. 6d.; 868s. 6d.; 870s. 6d.; 872s. 6d.; 874s. 6d.; 876s. 6d.; 878s. 6d.; 880s. 6d.; 882s. 6d.; 884s. 6d.; 886s. 6d.; 888s. 6d.; 890s. 6d.; 892s. 6d.; 894s. 6d.; 896s. 6d.; 898s. 6d.; 900s. 6d.; 902s. 6d.; 904s. 6d.; 906s. 6d.; 908s. 6d.; 910s. 6d.; 912s. 6d.; 914s. 6d.; 916s. 6d.; 918s. 6d.; 920s. 6d.; 922s. 6d.; 924s. 6d.; 926s. 6d.; 928s. 6d.; 930s. 6d.; 932s. 6d.; 934s. 6d.; 936s. 6d.; 938s. 6d.; 940s. 6d.; 942s. 6d.; 944s. 6d.; 946s. 6d.; 948s. 6d.; 950s. 6d.; 952s. 6d.; 954s. 6d.; 956s. 6d.; 958s. 6d.; 960s. 6d.; 962s. 6d.; 964s. 6d.; 966s. 6d.; 968s. 6d.; 970s. 6d.; 972s. 6d.; 974s. 6d.; 976s. 6d.; 978s. 6d.; 980s. 6d.; 982s. 6d.; 984s. 6d.; 986s. 6d.; 988s. 6d.; 990s. 6d.; 992s. 6d.; 994s. 6d.; 996s. 6d.; 998s. 6d.; 1000s. 6d.; 1002s. 6d.; 1004s. 6d.; 1006s. 6d.; 1008s. 6d.; 1010s. 6d.; 1012s. 6d.; 1014s. 6d.; 1016s. 6d.; 1018s. 6d.; 1020s. 6d.; 1022s. 6d.; 1024s. 6d.; 1026s. 6d.; 1028s. 6d.; 1030s. 6d.; 1032s. 6d.; 1034s. 6d.; 1036s. 6d.; 1038s. 6d.; 1040s. 6d.; 1042s. 6d.; 1044s. 6d.; 1046s. 6d.; 1048s. 6d.; 1050s. 6d.; 1052s. 6d.; 1054s. 6d.; 1056s. 6d.; 1058s. 6d.; 1060s. 6d.; 1062s. 6d.; 1064s. 6d.; 1066s. 6d.; 1068s. 6d.; 1070s. 6d.; 1072s. 6d.; 1074s. 6d.; 1076s. 6d.; 1078s. 6d.;